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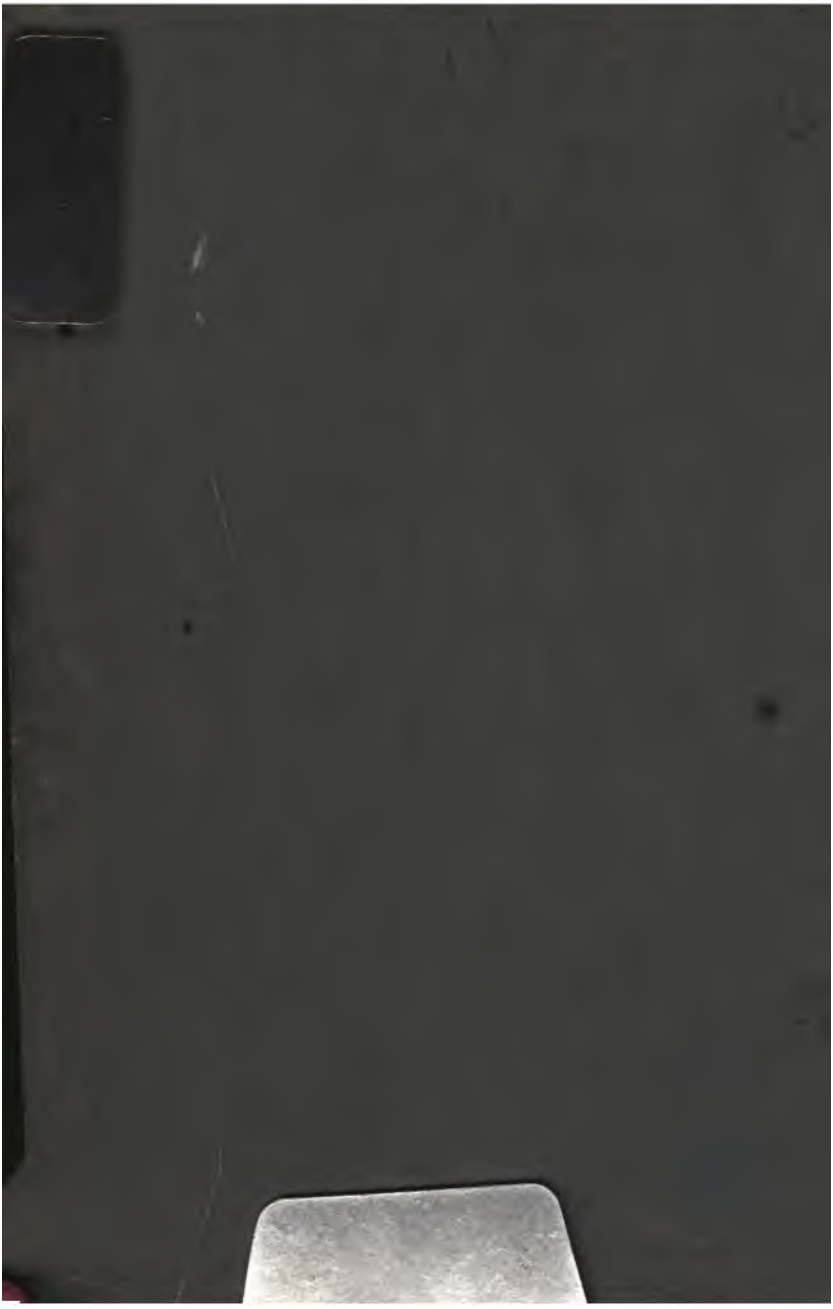

THE TIMES:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. R. NEWELL.

Toronto:
HUNTER, ROSE AND COMPANY.
MDCCCLXXXI.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE hopes, the fears—the virtues and the crimes,
The joys, the woes—realities and dreams,
The loves, the tumults—shadows and the gleams
Of past and present, constitute my rhymes,
Which echo back the songs of other times,
And catch the hues and momentary beams
Of long-forgotten days, whose lightness seems
Unreal thus in unimpassioned climes.
But Thou, my own Mæcenas, in whose truth
My soul confides, wilt never deem it vain
In me so many hours thus to have spent;
For here survive the better dreams of youth,
And here dead hopes and fancies live again,
To cheer the wilderness of discontent.

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A SATIRE.

"O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times."—*Shakespeare.*

I.

How wonderful—how excellent the plan
Of Him who formed the master mind of man,
Filled him with wisdom, taught him reason's power,
Trained his imaginations how to soar,
Made him a paragon—creation's pride—
Lord of himself, and of the world beside!
Yet little better than the beasts that roam
The mountain fastness from their desert home,
Had not the gift of language taught his tongue
To speak the thoughts which thro' his bosom throng,
And cheer the desolation of the heart
With words of cheer that still new life impart;
Or, in affection's soft and liquid strain,
Love and love's sweetness on the spirit rain.

In tones of passion—murmurs of the soul,
That break the bonds of reason's weak control;
Or, in the clarion notes of hope awake
The songs of freedom, and the bosom shake
With thrill on thrill of ecstasy and joy,
Proud as the mind, and as the heavens high;
Or, in the deep-mouthed eloquence of wrath,
Declare to nations glory's sanguine path,
Doom kingdoms to destruction, and then plan
How best mankind may slay his fellow man!
Such and so various is the power of speech,
Which raises man beyond conception's reach,
Displaying him a god on lower earth,
So wondrous then, and now so little worth.
Oh! how can man—so noble in design—
For whom those starry lamps of midnight shine,—
Oh! how can man,—whose mind now soars afar
From sun to comet, then from star to star,—
Low grovel in the ground, without a thought
Above the meanness of his present lot?
How can that tongue, in eloquence so rife,
Talk ever of the mean affairs of life,
Making harsh discord, where repose should be
Like sunbeams sleeping on a summer sea?
Were not those stars, which light the solitude,
Made for our theme, as well as for our good?
Is not that sun, which lit the Delphic fane,
As gorgeous now with his empyreal train?
Is not the world still bright enough to lure
The heart and tongue from dreams and words impure?

And is there not a theme for every thought
High and sublime?—but man regardeth not.
Were all those faculties—these powers of mind,
These high emotions which unsought we find,
This gift of language—angel-tongued—sublime—
Were these bestowed to make us fools of time?
Man little lower than the angels made,
Of his high former-self is but a shade:
The race—the dance—the promenade, are themes
Sufficient for the proudest of his dreams.
Oh! how unlike the time when earth was young,
And man with angels swelled the choral song;
And tracing Knowledge to its proper good,
Stood on the height where once a God had stood!
What matter if the revel do begin
At eight or nine, or just the two between?
What matter if your horse has nimble feet?
You need not tell me every time we meet:
What reck I if you twirl your cane aright,
Or place your feet in manner deemed polite?
Such silly babble and conceits express
Too much for words, and leave us not to guess.
But yet the bore, the ruler of the age,
Laughs into scorn the wisdom of the sage,
Charms social life—with wonder looked upon,
And leaves the stage with plaudits of "Well done!"
While such as Milton, Dante, Tasso, brood
O'er adverse fate,—and die in solitude.
Had Homer mixed profanely with the herd,
And smiled approval at each idle word,—

Abjured the promptings of his heaven-taught art,
And sung to please the low and vulgar heart;
Perhaps we would not now revere his name,
Nor Scio's Isle the grand old minstrel claim,
Nor he have mourned in blindness, and obscure,
Compelled to beg his bread from door to door.
Man ever is the dupe of novelty,
And always willing from himself to flee:
Thus moved he blends in social intercourse,
Oft making what is bad by union worse;
For very few of those, entitled friends,
Are such as wisdom in her choice commends;—
They rather are the enemies of good,
And leave at last a darkling solitude.
If man would sometimes leave the parasite,
And give to thought a freer, prouder flight,
His manhood might a little higher climb,
And foolish jargon be improved by time.
List to the social circle's classic mirth—
Canst hear one word of reason coming forth?
Each one is conscious of his eloquence,
With all things at command, but common sense.
Is this untruth? the vision of a dream?
An argument unsuited to my theme?
Thou, who wouldst dub me libellous and rude,
Stand in the place where I have often stood,
And hear a classic quorum as they start
The glowing theme so precious to their heart:
Perhaps thou'lt hear of hair-breadth 'scapes of mice—
Of parson's gown, and Charley throwing dice,—

Thou'lt hear of cats, and dogs, and pigs that root,
And horses gone stark mad—with mare to boot:—
All which will lead thee to admire thy kind,
So choice in words and products of the mind;
Thou'lt own that in his thoughts, as in his shape,
Man is a species of the solemn ape:
Else how could such high thoughts coeval grow
With his existence, if it were not so!
We cannot jeer Monboddo's quaint surmise,
That leads us backward to our old allies;
Nor need we flout all Darwin has brought forth
Of man's primeval state when time had birth:
All they infer, from close analogy,
Is shadowed forth each day in what we see,
Sufficient to allure, with seeming truth,
Those who admire the marv'lous and uncouth;—
But tho' I scorn to think that mankind sprung
From birds—beasts—reptiles, when the world was young;
Yet this much of a theory I own,
That if from beasts man has not upward grown,
He may with patient industry, at least,
Degrade himself below the very beast.
Man's low desires, made vocal by his tongue,
Have made—still make—ev'n virtue's self do wrong,
Thwart the divine propensities within,
And shock the conscience that ev'n dreads not sin.

II.

Oh! that I had a Pope's satiric pen,
To write against an age of impious men,

So willingly misled by sensual taste
To wander on amid a barren waste
Of idle speculation far remote
From reason's track and virtue's modest thought!
Look on the sensualist—and what is he?
This age's spirit in epitome—
A demi-devil with a smiling face,
Drunk with his own and with a world's disgrace,
Lured on by demon madness to destroy
The symphonies of nature's primal joy—
Who with a ruthless hand uproots the stem
Whereon grew flow'rs for virtue's diadem.
Ye native savages of trackless woods,
Ye denizens of nature's solitudes,
Be proud of your barbarity and vice—
No science damns you deeper in device;
Laugh into scorn the civilized of earth,
Who blest with wisdom turn it into mirth:
Ye have but little knowledge to employ;
They blest with all things, all things would destroy.
The man* who sang to see his Rome aflame,
And smiled and sang, and gloried in his shame,
Saw a prophetic vision of the time,
When man would torture virtue into crime,
Baptize himself in Lethe's sullen wave,
And hang a mock'ry o'er his nameless grave.
Oh, light of Genius! pure, abiding flame!
How are thy shafts diverted from their aim;
And thou thyself perverted to the use

* *Nero.*

Of thoughts, not sense—and verse without a muse!
Time was when Shakspeare pleased the varied throng
With wit and wisdom joined, and sense with song;
Time was when Milton's loftier strain was heard,
And silence reigned while spoke the mighty bard;
Then too a Dryden and a Pope arose,
Known by their friends, but better by their foes;—
But were these all recalled to us again,
To breathe anew the grand sonorous strain,
Who would desist the novel to peruse,
And hear the echoing songs of the Pierian muse?
Would taste legitimate return once more
In ancient splendour to a native shore?
Or winged Ariels, by mind controlled,
Hang harmonies around us, as of old?
Ask thou thy conscience—if it be not dead,
And ask thy manhood—if it be not fled.
Amid the stores of knowledge that abound,
Amid the springs of true existence found,
How is it that we fail to act aright,
But walk as in the darkness of the night?
Perhaps some beacon star attracts our eye,
Whose borrowed lustre flashes thro' the sky;
Still leading us along the dang'rous road,
Where many feet before our own have trod,—
Then melts in darkness, leaving us alone,
To perish in a wilderness unknown.
What solace can we reap in after life,
Hot in existence' never ending strife,
When we remember how we spent our youth

In clothing falsehood in a garb of truth,
Sequacious only of the joys that drown'd
The present mem'ry in a giddy round?
Small comfort will it be for us to think,
As nature shudders o'er the unknown brink,
That we have striven to do little good,
And won as little knowledge as we could—
Sufficient only for derision's laugh,—
And claim a stone, without an epitaph!
  See the voracious reader's eyeballs flash,
As he devours the last sensation trash:
It is a story of some hapless maid,
Whose pure intrigues of love have been betrayed,
And guardians frown (she was an orphan left):
So now of all her fondest hopes bereft,
She faints and groans, and groans and faints again,
And tears descend like gusts of winter rain!
The reader pauses in the tragic tale,
And wipes his eyes whose sight begins to fail;
He knows this heroine is fancy's child—
But what of that! Has she not been beguiled?
He lays the volume down,—he is so sad,—
And turns from the perusal, feeling glad
That he can thus regain a little strength,
To bear the story of despair,—and length:—
  He reads the story of a storm at sea,
Of death he reads, and hopeless agony,—
Of some who called for help, then sank beneath
The ruthless waves—a carnival for death,—
Of some who drifted to a friendless shore,

To die of famine 'mid creation's store,—
Of others who survived the tempest's shock,
To perish piecemeal on the barren rock.
But what of these disasters? Does the eye
Weep at such tales, or heaves his heart a sigh?
No! he, who o'er a silly fiction feels
The tide of passion that the heart reveals,
At these calamities begins to smile,
And dances, as it were around the funeral pile!
Alas! when sympathy from reason strays,
And grows bewildered in a tangled maze,
Like to the forms of Comus, wander round
Distorted sprites that baffle and confound;
The soul forgets its destiny—the heart
Exchanges nature for the gloss of art;
Love yields to passion—knowledge to conceit—
Plain, rigid truth to fiction's poison'd sweet;
Hope heeds not mem'ry's oft repeated sigh,
While, unobserved, despair stands sullen by.
Far be the thought that nature can resign
To slavish art her attributes divine,
Without recurring oft, thro' tedious years,
To what the soul in native pride reveres:
In vain the prison'd captive feigns to be,
In thoughts of freedom, jubilant and free;
In vain he views the picture, where the brush
Has drawn the landscape, bright with Autumn's flush:
The woods—the streams—the meadows—and the hills
Grow dark or radiant as the artist wills;
But freedom there is only pictured forth,

And to the captive is but little worth.
Down to the floor he throws, in his distress,
The mimic scene of nature's loveliness,
Which adds a torture to his present doom,
And makes remembrance of a far-off home,
When he, in childhood's innocence and joy,
Felt that delight which after years destroy,—
Where boyhood's first impetuous hopes were known,
And soul met soul in unison as one;
Ere yet the syren wiles of vice had laid
The tempting snare that lured, and then betrayed,
To add to guilt the vain remorse of years,
And bathe the shrine of obloquy in tears.

III.

Now to ambition let us turn our glance,
And mark the little Corsican's advance:
Ascending step by step the heights of fame,
A few around him recognise his name;
And yet a little higher placed in power,
A tempest gathers and begins to lower;—
But while the thunderbolts hurl others down,
And strike from Louis his imperial crown,
Napoleon, like the morning star, ascends,
A comet to all nations, that portends
Death and destruction. Over all the earth
His magic name sends trembling Terror forth;
Egypt has heard the thunder of his host,
And war-cries echo far from coast to coast;
Stern Russia's snowy steppes and Syria's sands

Have felt the tramp of his devoted bands;
Fair Lusitania trembles at his name,
And proud Hispania bows herself in shame;
Germania's glory passes in a day,
And all her former trophies—where are they?
Among all nations only One is free,—
One refuge yet for trembling Liberty.
Ah! well may Europe quake as mem'ry flits
O'er Jena, Jaffa, Acre, Austerlitz,
O'er Saragossa,—darkening on the sight,—
And Ciudad Rodrigo, where all night
Earth belched pernicious flames, and heaven, aglow,
Launched headlong ruin on both friend and foe;—
But there at Europe's Golgotha, where stood
Freedom's last hope baptized in princes' blood,—
There where the world's sole monarchy was set
Upon a cast the world will ne'er forget,—
There vaulting despotism shrunk back aghast,
As when Sirocco snaps the towering mast;
While from his helm invincibility
Was plucked,—and cowering earth again was free!
  Such is ambition in its proudest form,
That smiles in tempests, dances in the storm,
That in a sanguine sky its Iris rears,
Whose mists of glory are a nation's tears,—
Such is ambition—such its hopeless end,
When valour murders what it should befriend,
Nor turn from selfish fame a flashing eye,
That with defiance threatens earth and sky;
Till equal death, or equal servitude,

Subdue the Eagle and the Eagle's brood,
While daws and ravens ominously soar
Thro' troubled skies they never winged before.
Yet thou, Napoleon! thou whose awful frown
Obscured the heaven, and called its thunders down—
Thou, whom a million curses have assailed—
Whose devastation millions have bewailed—
Did not the nations—many a murderous land—
Receive just retribution at thy hand?
Shame, murder, treason, sacrilege, and wrong,
Familiar grew to impotent and strong;
Till patient Heaven in anger sent thee forth,
A fiery scourge and torment to the earth.
If mighty wrongs receive such chastisement,
Surely less evils should not have assent,—
Evils, whose name is legion, such as thwart
The might of conscience, and pervert the heart.
Look o'er the world: select unto thy mind
A choice criterion of the humankind;
Take from his heart hypocrisy, remove
That outward polish which false hearts approve,
Leave all his passions naked,—and, behold,
What virtues hast thou found that were foretold?
What sympathy is there distinct from self?
What wealth of good uninfluenced by pelf?
Th' enthusiastic may hail this wond'rous age,
As wise, enlightened, sympathetic, sage;
The moralist may preach to us his creed,
And tell us now that saints are saints indeed;—
But will we trust the tale? Alas! who dare,

When confutation meets us everywhere!
Ev'n heathen lands may make us blush for shame,
If that a blush live now in aught but name.
Look to the past, o'er eighteen hundred years,
And nothing there more glorious appears
Than a proud Roman's honour, which he prized
Far more than life, and cruel death despised:—
If some few words would save *us* from the block,
Tho' they were lies, would we desist to talk?
And in less things than death—in selfish gain,
Does truth at all times equal sway maintain?
Alas for this six thousandth age of light!
We are not heathens, nor yet Christians quite;
We do the wrong, persisting in the right.
Ambition led the Persian Xerxes forth,
Whose desperate fall proved Sparta's daring worth;
It conquered Alexander, after he
Had gained on earth the sole supremacy;
Virtuous Ambition, in a holy cause,
Brought down on Socrates barbarian laws;
Ambition raised a Cæsar o'er the brave,
Then laid him lower than the vilest slave;
It lured a Mohammed, where'er he trod,
To deem himself co-equal with his God;
'Twas true ambition led Faliero
To free his Venice from her native foe;
Ambition brought on Dante vile rebuke,
When him, his home, and friends, and all forsook—
Him dead, it then applauds, and links his name
With all the immortality of fame;—

And what but proud ambition did control
The great Voltaire to prostitute his soul—
To leave to other times a deathless name,
And taint with death the purer breath of fame?
Ambition prompts the preacher and the priest
To round the polished, sacrilegious jest,—
To prove, thro' force of argument and wit,
That finite minds may grasp the Infinite,
Oh! shame—oh! solemn shame—worse than the guilt
That damns Napoleon for the blood he spilt,—
Worse than the infidel's most solemn sneer,
If worse may be, if worse may reach the ear;—
To think that man, the changing fool of time,
With virtue just enough to gild his crime,
Should arrogate unto himself to tell
The ways and means of the Ineffable!
Let England think of Rome's too righteous fate,
And stem the torrent ere it be too late;
And yet remember in her liberty,
That too much freedom is worst tyranny,
This curs'd ambition that is leading man
To rank his God with Baal, Jove, or Pan;
And now is knocking at her palace doors,
While anarchy is hovering o'er her shores,—
This curs'd ambition—proud as England stands—
Will yet create her least of subject lands,
If that this wave of freedom grow in might,
And swell to its premeditated height;
Till greatness, worth, and valour shrink aghast
Before the splendour of the glorious past;

And nations heaped on nations till that One,
The glory of the world, was by herself undone!

IV.

Oh fame! whose trumpet shook th' Olympic mount,
And waked in murmuring waves Castalia's fount,—
Fame—which Prometheus proudly deified,
And felt the torment, while he scorned to chide,—
Fame—which yet speaks of Priam's ruined Troy
As proudly as when Homer was a boy,—
Fame—witching fame!—by what seductive art
Dost thou subdue creation's mighty heart?
I saw the man of just and lofty mind—
Obscure, yet good—unpolished, yet refined—
Pervert his inspirations, that his name
Might have a sound not quite unknown to fame.
Oh! what a sacrifice he made to win
A golden sorrow and a little scene!
The ties of nature severed at his look,
A Lethe swept o'er all that he forsook;
Old manners, old associates, old times,
Forgotten seemed in fame's exotic climes;
His natural propensities were bent,
Tho' conscience vainly yet withheld assent;
The lightning of his soul was quenched in pride,
While yet the tempest muttered wild and wide;
He tortured life into a venal course,
And stopped the stream whence virtue had its source;—
Till like the fools who vainly strove to raise
That wondrous tower to heaven in ancient days,

He, in his own confusion, sank to naught,
With all things but his foolishness forgot.
I saw the patriot ready for the call,
If loyal duty bade him stand, or fall,—
Proud of his country, as a sacred care,—
Prepared for freedom, or a sepulchre:
Him as a politician next beheld,
And like the prophet, lo! his face was veiled,
That imposition might securely speak,
Nor show the blush that flushed the hollow cheek;
For while he spoke of loyalty and right,
Crime filled his heart, and treason armed him quite;
And ruining his country for a name,
With shameless zeal he loudly called on fame.
Themistocles, and thou, Miltiades!
(If ev'n such names may live in days like these)
May I contrast ye with the patriot hordes,
That curse the nations with their deeds and words?
Yet Salamis claims not the memory,
Nor Marathon, nor dread Thermopylæ—
'Tis not these scenes of carnage tell the tale,
Which poets sing, and shouting nations hail,—
It is the holiness, which, armed with wrath,
Led on those Greeks in valour's daring path,—
Which so inspires with lofty thoughts the mind,
That in the *cause* doth higher glories find;—
It is the cause—the cause of freedom's sword—
That sanctifies the guerdon of reward;—
And what a basilisk in sounding fame,
When linked with treason's sacrilegious name!

Tho' modern fame attaches to such names,
Whose dear desert a rope and gallows claims,—
Tho' we applaud the authors of our ills,
And blow the trump of fame for whom that wills.
We boast of freedom, while we are undone
By that worse tyranny to mortals known—
Self-willed perverseness, which enthralls the mind,
And casts all trust and homage to the wind:
What we ourselves have known, and know, to be,
We yet reject as not reality,
Unfurl our standards, doubt all evidence,
And hurl our challenges at common sense.
Ev'n those, who are our teachers, lead us on
To disbelieve what greater fools have known;
Till like to Milton's fiends, in whirlwinds tossed,
We "find no way in wandering mazes lost."
Our great immortals revel in conceits,
And dogmatic whate'er their tongue repeats;
They pass the world of shadows, and explore
The fate abiding on the other shore:
One tells us that, by his philosophy,
He finds no hell, and that it cannot be;
Another gently hopes to be forgiven,
But he would rather live in hell than heaven;
And yet another scientific life
Combats the air in protoplasmic strife!
Such are our teachers—such the lore they give,
Which teaches but to doubt and disbelieve;
Such are our teachers, whose philosophy
Is old ere yet the sage has ceased to be.

Is it not strange that erudition breeds
Truth's springing flowers and falsehood's baneful weeds?
Is it not strange that science, overdone,
Will to the worst extreme of folly run?
And all for fame—for oh! believe it not
That good for man is the controlling thought—
What, good for man? Nay, but his overthrow,
That fame may gild the authors of his woe!
When champions of truth apostatize
From all the counsels of the good and wise;
When stars of verity move in their sphere
In opposition—where does truth appear?
Oh, days delusive and inebriate!
Oh, world of gods in thine own estimate!
How long will folly, in religious vest,
Turn solemn truths into a solemn jest?
For never since the world of waters fled,
And found again the sea's unfathomed bed,
Has earth been so debased in learnèd crime,
As now it stands at this enlightened time.
As if a pestilence had swept the earth,
All reverence is tortured into mirth;
That Bible, which ev'n infidels have prized,
Is by our Christian proselytes despised,
And canting doctrines taught to suit this age
Of speculating madmen in a rage.
'Tis these that bring seditions on the earth,
And call the murderous flame of battle forth;
'Tis such as these alone, in every age,
Have draped with horrors the historian's page:

Look to the East* where war's dread thunders peal,
And murder revels with religious zeal—
There the barbaric Russ, because he may,
Armed with religion, rushes forth to slay;
While Russia's Emperor views the blood-stained sod,
And says with brazen smile—"'Tis all for God!"
Who lit the fires of Smithfield? Who enjoyed
The agonies of martyrs as they died?
Who, on the eve of St. Bartholemew,
Like gods confounded, and like devils slew?
Who used the rack, the gibbet, and the stake,
As *gentle* argument of what they spake?
Who was't but those who plunged in the profound,
Which God alone can fathom and expound?
Who was't but those whose philosophic zeal
Did wrest the Scriptures, and at times reveal
Some seeming truth, which those of little soul
Have wafted far from "Indus to the pole."
And thousands now to Baal bow the knee,
Fulfilling well the olden prophecy;†—
Yet thousands more false-science shall allure,
By subtility, to baffle and endure;
Until a Pandemonium earth appears,
And terrors fill the waste of coming years!

* This poem was written in 1877.

† 2nd Peter, chap. ii.

Didactic.

FRIENDSHIP.

" Te Spes et albo Fides colit
Velata panno: nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linguis."
—*Hor.* Car. XXXV., Lib. I.

AMID the turmoil and the storms of life,
When thought meets thought in an unceasing strife;
When quiet ease subsides into unrest,
And life's lone star is hastening to the west;
How sweet the words of friendship, and the cheer
Of mutual trust that asks not who is near!
Life has no charm more full of earnest good
Than such unostentatious brotherhood.
Love may allure, and strew redundant flowers
Upon the floor of youth's green-spreading bowers;
And hope may plant the rose that loads the air
With luscious perfume,—yea, doth plant it there;
But ere the fitful dream be well begun,
The spell is broken, and the charm is flown,*

* *Byron*:—"*The spell* is broke, the charm is flown.

Grant me the quiet charm which friendship gives,
Which lives unchanged, and cheers me while it lives;
In such there is no fickle diffidence,
To make a by-word and a jest of sense;
There soul meets soul in equal trust, there join
Faith, Hope and Charity—the three divine:
Faith breathes a fervour thro' the forms of thought,
Creates new life, and, trusting, falters not;
Hope gilds the clouds and fringes them with light,
Until the day-star flood the face of night;
While Charity, with universal power,
Regarding not the lone and midnight hour,
Drives scowling back the fiends that throng the shade,
Sheds balm around where woe and want are laid,
Breathes in the guilty ear assurance blest,
And wafts the weary spirit to its rest.

Look'st thou upon the pageant of the great
With envious eyes, and sigh'st for equal state?
Think'st thou the sceptre, robe, and diadem,
Shed halos round the soul that toys with them?
Alas! the tinsel and the golden show
Too often tell of more than human woe,—
Too often veil a deep, despairing void,
Where truth has withered, and where hope has died.
Choose rather what wise Providence may give,
Whose love bequeaths more than we well receive:
Choose thou the graces of a virtuous life,
But wield them softly—meet not strife with strife;
Be thou a type for men of grosser mould
To emulate,—and boldly meet the bold;

Rule well thy friends, and yet forbear to show
That thou art ruling—let thy moves be slow;
Suggest, command not—mark with piercing eye
The moving scene as tho' thou did'st not spy:
At times seem foolish to a stranger guest—
A false good-nature will not bear the test;
Sound every man, accept not one untried,
Be firm,—and let discretion be thy guide.
Thus may'st thou learn with ease to rule at will
Thy little world, and bear dominion still;—
But when thy sway is known and felt around,
And thou with honour and with good art crowned,
Forget not then to be a faithful guide
Of those whose goodness thou hast dearly tried:
Oh! teach them truth, direct the wavering mind,
Support the faint, seek guidance for the blind,
Shed gladness round, bid hope's bright visions shine,
Let God be seen in every act of thine.

Hast thou a friend tried in the dark, dark days,
When shame confronted thee at every gaze?
Hast though a friend who, thro' that midnight gloom,
Sought with the lamp of love thy lonely home,
And wiled thee, when he could not drive thee, forth
From guilt and folly unrelieved by mirth?
Oh! if thou hast a friend thus true, thus tried,
Let nothing thrust such angel from thy side:
Not India's mines a treasure can unfold
Worth such a one—beyond all cankering gold;
Not worlds on worlds could counterpoise such worth,
Nor buy such love—such miracle on earth!

Blest is the man, O, how supremely blest!
Who may confide in one unchanging breast,
Who, knowing that calamities may come,
Has one sure refuge in the day of gloom.
The clouds may darken and the lightnings flash,
The tempests gather and the thunders crash,—
Torrents on torrents of disasters break
O'er the bowed head, which all but one forsake;
Yet hope remains and points to brighter days,
When storms shall cease, and blame shall yield to praise.
Seest thou that wandering outcast, poor and vile,
Crowned with contempt, uncheered by word or smile?
An outcast now, tho' brighter days have passed
O'er the frail form, that shrinks from every blast.
Time was when hats were doffed and rev'rence paid
To him who now receives contempt instead;
Wealth filled his coffers, bounty crowned his board—
An outcast now where once he ruled as lord!
Thou haughty man, behold that trembling form,
Nor turn away from this thy fellow-worm:
Thou hast not seen the future years, which may
Crush *thee* to earth—as vile a castaway.
Ah! scornest thou? Inhuman wretch, for shame!
Reject not thou the suppliant's bitter claim;
Be patient while he tells the mournful tale,
And list with sorrow to the broken wail:—
Friends, hopes, affections—all forever lost;
Woe, want, and shame, the relics of the cost—
How pitiful! how sad! alas! that one,
So worthy once, should be a wretch undone.

Who did the deed? Who formed the hell-born plan
Of all this wreck?—Start not—Thou art the man!
Remember'st thou when this thy friend to thee
Stooped down in love, nor marked thy low degree;
And spread the banquet for thy social cheer,
When thou, so worthless, moved'st as his compeer?
Did'st thou rebuke the little acts, which then
Brought him to mingle with unworthy men?
And did'st thou warn him of the coming woe,
Which thou foresawest in the wine cup's flow?
Alas for human sympathy and truth,
When worse than murder fills the heart of youth;
Into a hell of guilt and agony
That friend was thrust—that friend was left by thee!
And when before the Judge of all appears
Thy soul, that lays up goods for many years,
A look from this poor outcast shall repel
Thy latest hope, and thrust thee down to hell!
Oh sympathy! kind, loving sympathy!
Bound to no creed, veiled in no mystery,
Quintessence of all goodness, kindling glow
Of heaven's compassion o'er a world of woe—
Oh sympathy! thou balm of breaking hearts,
When anguish aims and venom hurls the darts—
Thou the true solace, comforting the lost,
So desolate, so sad, and tempest-tossed!
When angels from the deep, abysmal gloom
Of night and darkness, deeper than the tomb,
Spread out their sable wings, and hovered o'er
The darkening confines of earth's little shore;

Thy hand waved back the legions of the deep,
Thy words spoke peace, and bade the tumult sleep;
From thee the deepening shadows fled away,
And man rejoiced to hail the new-born day.
Thou art not lost. Thy holy fervor glows
In human hearts that mourn o'er human woes;
Still earth remains thy footstool, and thy throne
O'ershadows millions, evermore thine own.
Oh that a poet's song could here declare
To human ears the language of thy prayer,
Nor thus anticipate the glowing words,
That sobbing die among the trembling chords!
Thou, once so sad and desolate, behold
The prospects glorious which to thee unfold:
See hope mounts upward, sympathy is given,
And morn is rising on the verge of heaven.
Canst thou be sad and thankless—canst thou brood
O'er selfish aims, and mock thy Maker's good?
Go to the highways and hedges—go
Where shame stalks openly and laughs at woe;
Pass thro' the haunts of infamy and crime,
And mark the guilt that changes not with time;
There ponder o'er what sympathy had done,
If hell had not reigned absolute, alone.
Oh! there dispense thy charity, there give
The gifts of love, and bid the hopeless live;
Behold around, in sunshine and in storm,
Thy brother of the dust, thy fellow-worm;
Yet ask not thou his creed, till charity
Has warmed the heart, and scattered bounties free.

Give of thy purse as much as love affords—
(True sympathy is known by deeds, not words ;)
By every means which virtue may devise,
The fallen raise, and comfort them that rise ;
So doing, thou shalt show thy gratitude
For all the mercies and for all the good
Which God, in depths of mercy, condescends
To give to thee in hopes, affections, friends.

Obituary.

LINES

ON THE SAD CALAMITY WHICH OCCURRED AT LONDON, ONT., MAY 24TH, 1881, BY WHICH ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE LIVES WERE LOST BY DROWNING.

I.

SLOWLY o'er the rippling waters, as the twilight dews are falling,
Glides the barque of precious burden onward thro' the deep'ning gloom;
And the sounds of mirth and laughter, on the distant echoes calling,
Melt in music on the waters, like the strains of Home, Sweet Home.

II.

Age and childhood, youth and beauty, throng the deck in ceaseless musing,
Or recount the day's adventures, planning for the days to be;

And the dim shades of the evening, all a hallow'd glow infusing
In the western sky resplendent, wrap the upland and the lea.

III.

And I see the forms of lov'd ones turning homeward o'er the water,
Dreaming of their homes of childhood, and of still maturer years;
Are they musing on the future, and do those bright fancies flatter,
Which have lit their eyes to gladness, as if life had no more tears?

IV.

Slowly onward—ever onward, as if led by siren voices,
Goes the vessel to the harbour on the dim-appearing shore;
There are dangers on the water, but a springing hope rejoices
O'er the promise of the morrow and its quiet hours in store.

V.

Did the Galilean Stranger, from the hours of early morning,
Till the twilight dews were falling, mix invisible with all?
Ah! 'tis wild and dang'rous sailing, tho' the beacon-light is burning,
If that Pilot leave the vessel to whatever may befall.

VI.

See the rushing and confusion! Hark the shriek of madden'd voices!
And the vessel crashes downward, and is sinking in the tide!
And from out the surging waters, lo! a ghastly head arises—
'Tis the Angel of Destruction, spreading ruin wild and wide!

VII.

Far around what desolation! Oh! what agony and madness
Strike with awful consternation powerless watchers on the shore!
Friends, companions—loved and loving, stricken in the hour of gladness,
Sink beneath the foaming waters, and are seen again no more!

VIII.

There are ties that now are breaking, that forever must be broken,
There are lips that now grow silent, there are hearts that now grow still:
Not a friend leaves a memento, not a lover leaves a token,
For a greedy death is waiting all his mission to fulfil.

IX.

Oh! 'tis pitiful—heartbreaking, to behold the dead and dying—
Age and youth together sinking, and no arm with power to save!
While the breezes of the evening, from their westward coverts sighing,
Startle Death and Desolation, that sit brooding o'er the wave.

X.

See—ah! see the ghastly corses rescued from the troubled water,
And beneath the flare of torches, what a horrifying sight!
There a father lies distorted,—there a wife—a son—a daughter,
While the phantoms of destruction load the weeping winds of night!

XI.

Here a mother clasps her infant close in death's persistent clinging,—
There the head of three-score winters blends its locks with locks of gold;
And, in sorrowful procession, stricken friends their dead are bringing,
And the number yet increases, and the tale is yet untold.

XII.

Is she here, whose name we falter? Is he here whom we
are seeking?
Are they dead, or are they living, for whose safe return
we fear?
And a voice, as of a demon, deeply, darkly, wildly shriek-
ing,
Tells the tale of awful import, as we listen—They are
here!

XIII.

Oh the depths of human anguish! Oh! the bitter, bitter
sorrow,
As a thousand eyes look downward on the faces of the
dead!
There are griefs that know cessation, and anticipate the
morrow,
But where death hath made his havoc there immortal
tears are shed.

XIV.

Lo! a household lies deserted! There a father, solitary,
Lonely mourns for wife and children gathered to the
last retreat;—
But the living hurry onward—there is now no time to
tarry,
As the mournful, long processions wind along the silent
street.

XV.

Oh! thank God that time is fleeting! that these sighs
and lamentations
Wean our hopes from things that perish, till we rest on
simple faith;
And we wait the final summons, when all kindreds and
all nations,
At the trumpet's voice awaking, shall have triumphed
over death!

IN MEMORIAM.

"Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,
Incipiam."
—ÆNEID, Book II.

I.

I LOOK upon the azure sky
Begemmed with many a starry light,
That throws afar a radiance bright
Down thro' the deep profundity.

I look with wonderment and awe,
And think how many systems move
In silence thro' the vault above,
Led by the universal law,

And while these thoughts rush thro' the mind,
The ear of expectation hears
The cadence of the ringing spheres,
Like music floating on the wind.

Thought leads me on from star to star,
With more than winged lightning's speed,
O'er all the bright ethereal mead,
Borne on in Fancy's flying car—

Till plunged in lost infinity:
There worlds and systems far remote,
Beyond the boundless reach of Thought
For ever rolling silently,

Amaze the feeble mortal sight,
And baffle Fancy's maddest leap
Into the vast and boundless deep,
The grand and awful infinite!

Yet long ere now perchance thy feet
Have wandered o'er those orbs of light,—
Thy spirit eye hath fathomed night,
And marked the farthest world's retreat.

II.

I will not weep that thou art gone,
Nor cavil at the dark decrees
Of Him who whispers in the breeze,
And thunders forth from sun to sun.

It is enough that He is wise,
That He but speaks, and it is done;
We are but creatures of His own,
And He who makes may break our ties.

His mercy is on them that fear—
Ev'n to the froward He is kind:
Far sooner would He loose than bind,
When darker days are drawing near.

Tho' we, in youth's impulsive morn,
Reject the light that wisdom brings;
Still mercy folds her dewy wings,
And chides us to a safe return.

III.

The law of retribution lives:—
To sin against the light of truth,
To think that wisdom dwells with youth,
To laugh at mercy's kind reprieves;

Upon the dangerous height to run,
Then hurry down the deep ravine—
Oh God! Thou knowest what has been,
And yet wilt show us what we've done.

The infant hand that toys with flame
Is burnt, and knowledge is not given;
And so the judgments of high Heaven
Come down for sins we can not name.

To doubt and thus perform is sin,
  Sin ever doubts and is not sure;
  But truth forever shall endure
When future worlds their years begin.

IV.

Thy youth was froward, and thy heart
  Was pregnant with impulsive zeal:
  Thou didst not, and thou could'st not, feel
That peace may wane and hope depart.

Thou saw'st the present hour alone,
  Nor judged the future by the past,
  Nor far around thy glances cast,
To see what selfish zeal had done.

Ah! what is hope, when simple truth—
  When wisdom leaves the wavering heart?
  In after years what thoughts will start,
That mourn the follies of our youth!

The violent attachments formed,
  When reason leaves the troubled scene,
  May live until a day has been,
When danger finds us quite unarmed.

Too soon—alas! too soon—'twas found
  Thy hope was but a meteor driven
  By night across a troubled heaven,
While storm winds sadly moaned around.

But thou art safe,—and where the blast
Howls deepest thro' the lonely glade,
Thy careworn form is lowly laid,
At last in quiet sleep—at last!

V.

I think on all thou might'st have been;
I think on all that thou wert not;
And ever with the veering thought
So veer the shadowy forms between.

One ray the more, one cloud the less,
Had shown thy feet a better road,
Had saved thee from the pressing load,
Which only now hath ceased to press.

Why was that little ray denied?
Why interposed that little cloud?
And why did wisdom cry aloud,
And no responsive voice replied?

Oh! I could weep—but tears are vain,
And I could sigh—but sighs are void:—
I look around at eventide,
And, lo! thou comest not again!

VI.

There where the bird of night is heard,
And nature sheds no charms around,—

Where man, to sudden anger stirred,
Would desecrate thy hallowed mound,—

There, in that desolate retreat,
Thou'st found that rest which life denied;
While we, in mournful words, repeat
The mournful tale that thou hast died.

So young!—we start to think thee dead,—
And yet 'tis well that thou art gone;
For thou enough of tears hast shed,
While grief's dark days dragged slowly on.

Enough of silent grief was thine,
Enough of sad, repining thought;
And when thou didst the roses twine,
There were the cypress boughs enwrought.

Rest now, as after deepest toil
The wayworn wanderer sinks to rest;
Rest, where at least heaven's sunbeams smile,
And shed their brightness o'er thy breast.

Rest, while the orphans' bitter tears
In after days in silence fall;
Rest, till the tides of rolling years
Have swept their slumberous waves o'er all.

Sonnets.

SONNETS TO WINTER.

THERE is a pleasure in these solitudes,
  These snow-clad summits tell of winter's reign.
  The tempest gathering sweeps the whitened plain,
And binds in icy chains the silent floods.
In such reclusive spot, where nought intrudes
  To throw around the soaring thoughts a chain,
  I feel enjoyment in this bleak domain,
A solemn pleasure in the leafless woods.
Tho' nature's charms are now in embryo.
  Yet none may winter's loveliness define :—
The mighty winds, that thro' the branches blow,
  And bend alike the shrub and spiral pine,
The fields, the plains, the mountains clad in snow,—
  These all are winter's—and, fair Nature, thine.

The sun far slanting to the southern sky,
  And dimly gliding from the east to west,
  Makes night a prolonged interval of rest,

And day a scene that doth unheeded fly.
Ev'n now the livelong evening, drawing nigh,
  Shuts out the day like an excluded guest;
  And on the far horizon's crimson crest
The beams of day in waning splendour die.
See from the silent yet inclement heaven
  The evening star peeps forth in radiance bright;
And twinkling coldly o'er the brow of even,
  Smiles on the aspect of a wintry night,
To which its cold unwarming ray is given,
  Ere in the western sky it sinks from sight.

SONNET.

Yes! if 'twere any common love that warms
  My breast,—if 'twere a momentary glow
  Of transient passion, veering to and fro,
Then fading, I might scorn these vague alarms,
And woo some other fair one to my arms,
  Forgetful of the past—but is it so?
  Oh, Penury and Love, my double foe,
How have ye 'reft me of life's better charms!
Away—away, my idle dreams—no more,
  Ye fitful shades, surround me! What is all
  That hope has given, when I now recall
The days—the months—the years I've seen pass o'er!
Brought forth in evil days, o'er wrongs to brood,
Doomed to abide a fate that makes life solitude!

A WARNING.

I'VE told her of a time that is to come,
When she would, willing, lend a list'ning ear
Unto a voice that then she will not hear,
A voice that then forever must be dumb;
Not in the silence, yet, nor in the hum
Of life's arena must that voice be near,
To whisper to her—"Wherefore dost thou fear?"
Alas! the day is coming, and when some
Can smile at folly as it glides along,
One may lament o'er folly that is past;
One may chide, with her feelings and her tongue,
The days her scene was in delusion cast;—
But chide not, dear one, now: This simple song
To thee shall be my dearest,—and my last.

TO AUTUMN.

THE touch of Autumn paints the forest trees,
And loads the orchards with a golden store;
The ripened corn is bending down before
The sickle of the husbandman—the breeze
Brings to the ears the gladsome symphonies
Of honest labour on the spreading moor
And upland slope, where bubbling streamlets pour
Their gradual tides down mild declivities.
The incense of the earth ascends to heaven

Amid the clouds that, burnished far along
In crimson grandeur, deepening still appear:
Oh! let the rich abundance that is given
Invoke a thankful, universal song,
To greet this glorious season of the year!

UNREST.

Oh! that the mind were pliant to desire,
That deep desire for sweet forgetfulness;
Nor thus keep wakeful vigils o'er the press
Of cumberous thoughts that surge, and never tire.
Ah! weary life, thy dull Promethean fire
In silence waxes dim and motionless,—
A sinking flame, that dwindles less and less,
To leave but ashes and a funeral pyre.
And is this living? No, this is *not* life;
Life moves, and breathes, and feels at least the force
Of joy in sorrow; but this slumb'rous gloom
Is more than death, and speaks immortal strife
In him who seeks for truth from whate'er source,
And would anticipate yet dread the tomb!

PREDESTINATION.

"THERE'S a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will." The man of men
Thus sagely wrote, with that prophetic ken
Piercing into the mystery that bends
Time and eternity—life—death—and sends
Creative fire thro' worlds of chaos, when
Confusion in wild anarchy again
Is reigning, and where hope no meteor lends.
Unseen a Master Hand directs and guides
The winding course of life's mysterious flight
Thro' shades unholy and abiding night,
Where solemn darkness hovers and abides.
There's a Divinity? Ah! doubt it not,—
A mystery revealed—a God of thought.

Autographs.

WHEN far away from those we love,
And changing life, at each remove,
  Dissolves a pleasing dream,
How dear the mem'ry of the day,
When we were young, when life was gay,
  And basked in pleasure's beam.

One word to tell us what we were,
One name that brings us back to where
  Our purest words were spoken,—
One touch of nature,—these we prize
Far into age, and bless the ties
  That never shall be broken!

TAKE my wish that thou may'st be
  Old in youth and young in age,
Blending thus to one degree
  All the virtues that engage,—
Blending thus the dreams of youth
With the fuller dreams of truth.

RULE by your smile, and conquer not with words,
Preferment oft to silence is a debtor;
Jar not with the harmony of life's frail chords,
And promise well—performing, which is better.

INTRODUCTORY.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

LET no unchaste, unhallowed thought
These now unsullied pages blot;
Here may the hopes of Love be seen,
And Friendship use no blinding screen;
So may humanity express
God's image here in perfectness.

BE like the dove that to the ark
The peace-branch bore o'er troubled seas:
To souls bereft, to bosoms dark,
Be thou a messenger of peace.

TO MRS. S.

Live well to-day—to-morrow has not come;
Grasp every virtue, centring it at home;
"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,"*

*Henry viii., Act iii., Scene ii.

And let thy wisdom with thy years increase.
So shall thy life a glorious work perform,
And calmly meet the tumults of life's storm;
Till heaven thy hope, in smiling majesty,
Opens its everlasting gates to thee!

TO E.

AMONG the many names that here
In mem'ry's record shine,
Of those that are accounted dear,
Forever there be mine;
For whatsoe'er thy fate may be,
Or whatsoe'er my sphere,
One heart shall truly think of thee,
And hold thy memory dear.

LIVE not only for the present,
Live for days that are to come;
Let the days of youth be pleasant,
Soon enough there will be gloom,
In the vale of life deal kindness
To the universal throng:
She but lives a life of blindness,
Who unaiding glides along.

TO K.

BE hopeful and young thro' the days that are coming,
Be thoughtful, yet cheerful, in all that you do;
While others in petulant sighs are consuming,
Conform to the fate that is destined for you,
Let the morrow take thought for the things of the morrow,
Enough that to-day you have cause to rejoice;
Life's day is too brief to be trifled in sorrow
O'er dreams for the future that dubiously rise.

TO A WITTY YOUNG LADY.

SHE has beauty, and wit, and acuteness, and tact,
Plays euchre expertly with bowers all stacked;
She dances, makes repartees, comes as she goes,
And has forty-nine strings to her forty-nine *beaux!*

DARE to be good, dare to be just and true,
Dare to do right, and what thou darest—do;
Dare all things for true womanhood, and teach
That they who practise well need seldom preach.

LET others wish that wealth,
And luxury, and ease, may still possess you:
I wish you goodness, happiness, and health,
And still withal—God bless you.

WHEN the Destinies, compiling
All their ills for hapless man,
Ceased their labours, blandly smiling
O'er the wreck they dared to plan,
Nemesis, the fury, laughing
Cried: "Come forth, thou crowning woe!"
And some liquid brimstone quaffing,
Made an album,—and a beau!

TO MISS ————.

IN after years, when far away
From all that meets thine eye to-day,
If thou perchance should read what here
Thy friend has written, and a tear
Should fall for long-departed years,
Full of alternate hopes and fears,
Oh! then amid those memories,
Which come like odours on the breeze,
Let one true friend's remembrance wake
The dreams that age can never break.
So shall I live on mem'ry's page,
Unsullied by the dust of age,
Content tho' others know me not,
If thou but give that passing thought
To him who shall remember thee
As one bright star of memory.

Later Poems.

A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

Written March, 1878, when England was about declaring war against Russia.

Oh God of battles! in whose hand
The nations of the earth appear
But as the tiny grains of sand
The billows wash from year to year,—

Look down upon thy chosen race,
Look down on freedom's royal home;
And from the hearts of freemen chase
The dread of reckonings yet to come.

Confound the plots of native foes,
Crush down the traitor and the slave,
Who yet would live to be of those
Who'd dance upon their country's grave,

And curs'd be he whose craven heart
  Would dare disown a Briton's zeal,
When trumpets call, and echoes start,
  And battle thunders, peal on peal!

Avenge, oh Lord! avenge the wrong
  That enemies would consummate;
And make the throne of England strong
  In conscious might and royal state.

Still may Victoria's virtuous throne
  Be freedom's stay and valour's shrine,
Till earth's remotest lands have known
  That we are hers, and she is thine.

God bless the valiant and the brave,
  Who for the dear old land go forth,
To find in foreign lands a grave,
  Or live to be the pride of earth!

May Englishmen be English still,
  Such as their fathers were of yore,
Till grasping despots doubly feel
  The wrath they oft have fled before.

Then shall the nations of the earth
  Have freedom's ensigns all unfurled;
And peace and plenty shall go forth
  As guardian angels o'er the world!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

" I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."
MACBETH.

MY dear young friend, when I return
To former scenes again,
Thou'lt be afar, and I shall mourn
Thine absence there in vain.
Two fleeting years have gone, and we
Are severed now—some dreams of thee
Alone with me remain,—
Some dreams that I shall cherish long,
When highest hopes around me throng.

The days were bright, those vanished days,
And brighter they appear,
As to the past I turn my gaze,
And check th' unconscious tear.
Alas! until the flowers decay
We value not their bright array,
Nor mark the changing year!
But when the blasts of winter come,
In vain we dream of summer's bloom.

But we *were* friends, and tho' to me
Thou'rt but a lovely dream,
How bright the thought that memory
Has nothing to redeem!
Not one harsh word, nor one rebuke,

Nor cruel jest, nor envious look,
  Ruffled life's quiet stream—
A glorious record this, and worth
All the false vanities of earth.

If thou should'st ever need a friend,
  (And faithful friends are few)
Thy woes, thy griefs to me commend,
  As I to thee would do;
And should I wrong the sacred trust,
May swords of conscience deeply thrust
  My perjured bosom thro',
Who thus, thro' false and subtle zeal,
Would darkly speak, and feign to feel.

May He who rules all destiny
  Grant thee to live in peace,
Free as the woodland warblers—free,
  When fast the days increase;—
And one shall look with joy upon
Thy future welfare—truly one
  Shall never, never cease
To hold up trembling hands, and bless
The God who grants thee happiness!

A DITTY.

DEAR EM, I am sitting and dreaming—
  Yes, sitting and dreaming of you,
While the lamp-light is fitfully gleaming,
  And at times in the stillness burns blue.

The shadows grow darker and deeper,
And tremblingly dance on the floor;
And I think it is sad for the sleeper,
Who has nothing to do but to snore!

In the stillness of night comes the rustle
Of sounds that some sleeper creates
With a facial twitch, and a tussle
With nose, and with mouth, and the fates.
Alas! he has no sunny vision
To shroud him in fairyland gleams;
And he knows not the glorious elysian—
For an Em hallows none of his dreams!

But I am a privileged mortal,
As happy as those who reside
In the land of the vulture and turtle,
Where Selim was slain for his bride.*
Would I were a Selim to battle
For her whom my bosom adores;—
Here I would not be listening the rattle
Of a youth in the garret who snores.

Oh! could I do something tremendous,
To make me a hero outright,
In actions and words as stupendous
As Ajax who revelled in fight;
How soon would I rush forth to glory,
And brighten my manhood with scars,
If an Em would but smile at my story,
And welcome me home from the wars!

* *Vide* "The Bride of Abydos."

But as I am but a vile student,
That trembles at thought of a fight,
Indeed I will try to be prudent,
And think of my station aright;
And as hitherto I have been dreaming,
So shall I continue to do,
Too blest when the starlight is streaming,
Oh Em, if I'm dreaming of you!

TO SOME OLD LETTERS,

Which the author had, from time to time, during the lapse of years, written to an intimate friend.

HAIL, dusty relics of the past! I greet ye,
As if ye were old friends;
And friends ye seem to him, whose eyes now meet ye
Where many a fate contends.

Wild, dissipated, and unbound, ye bring me
Back thro' the lapse of years,
When life was mad, in days that seemed to fling me
'Mid many hopes and fears.

Ye are the records of a youth of folly,
And faithfully ye speak
In words of love, despair, hope, melancholy,
That well may blanch the cheek.

And yet your lightness is to me a pleasure,
Ev'n thus so changed and tame;

Ye have a language which I cannot measure—
Ye tell of lofty aim.

Ah, yes! but years have tamed the exultation,
That thrilled my heart in youth;
And ye are now a mere commemoration
Of all that once was truth.

Change, and perhaps decay, has done its mission
Since ye were thus compiled;
And haply all my hope is mere tradition,
Or fancy's froward child.

Replete ye are with words of love and passion,
That speak the lover's heart;
Sighs breathe apace, and laughter seems to fashion
The mazy rounds of art.

But here mutations too have long succeeded
Whatever was too cheer:
Alas! I need not now, as then I needed,
An idol to endear.

No more, ye dusty records: thus forsaken
Ye henceforth shall remain;
By whatsoever changes overtaken,
I need ye not again.

DESPONDENCY.

WHAT have I to do with folly,—
If it can a folly be,
Thus to brood in melancholy
O'er what I must never see !

Still the dreams of youth come o'er me,
Still my heart responsive glows;
And a tumult flits before me,
Which the soul too fully knows.

Oh the doubting !—oh the feeling !
That the halcyon days are gone;
And that life is now revealing
Clouds the future hurries on !

Oh the smothered hopes and dreamings
Of a brighter day in store,
When these wild and angry seemings
Would disturb my breast no more !

Yet a passion seems to thrill me
With an eloquent delight;
But remembrance lives to chill me—
Memory is wisdom's light.

Can these longings, deep and earnest,
Be a folly, even for me ?
Thou who feelest not, yet scornest,
What have I to do with thee !

Thoughts, far other than elysian,
Have their devastation done;
But a bright and sunny vision
Has about my pathway shone.

And I see the cause that blights me,
But have not the power to fly
From the tempest that benights me,
All unseen by other eye.

Haply when life's star is gliding
Onward, downward to the west,
Troubled winds and waves subsiding,
Loud no longer, shall have rest.

BALLAD.

I.

EVEN as a modest flower
Peeps forth in the early year;
So thy young life, in its early spring,
Peeped forth, and the sky was clear.
But as the flower decays
Ere the days of the summer dawn,
So didst thou die, and the world grew dark,
For the light of life was gone.

II.

How deep the sad farewell
That was spoken above thy tomb,—
And a blast swept over the darkling sky,
And the day-star sunk in gloom,
The deep, half-smothered sigh
Broke forth in wild despair;
For the morning star of hope was set—
And we left thee sleeping there.

III.

But oft in the dreamy night,
Thy spirit hovers near,
And speaks of the paradise of God
In words we love to hear.
Yet a few days, and we
Shall meet on the other shore;
And the world and its cares, that know us now,
Shall know us again no more.

COMIC ODE.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO WAS MAKING THE AUTHOR A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

"Pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think we grip her;
And hunting after happiness,
We only hunt a *slipper*."

—*Hood.*

WHEN Em has made those slippers,
Which are destined to be rippers,
Fit for any prince of trippers
In the mazy dance to wear;
Then my feet shall be elated
In my sanctum consecrated,
And my head shall be gyrated,
As I gaze upon the pair.

And I'll tread in them so neatly,
As I glide along discreetly,
While a smile is beaming sweetly
O'er my bland and classic mien,
That the grace of her, the giver,
Shall transform me then, and ever,
To a bachelor much braver
Than I heretofore have been.

Then that thirteenth little letter
Of the alphabet will patter
In its place, and make me debtor
To the dearest girl in town;

And I'll write her such a ditty
Of Love lost in the big city,
That she'll think of me in pity,
And will ask me to come down.

You may talk of fay and fairy,
And of Maud and Highland Mary,
Till you're mad as Tipperary
With a pig on market day;
But the thirteenth little letter
Of the alphabet will patter
In its place, and make you debtor,
While your heart will melt away.

The above is my decision,
Taken down with due precision,
To the which my deposition
Has been taken by the court;
And whoe'er will dare gainsay me,
Sure will get in a dilemma,
For I'll send him down to Emma,
Who'll convert him at the Fort.

LIFE.

I SAW her as a maid, and bright
Her features shone with smiles;
Her hope was high, her heart was light,
Life showed, as yet, no blast or blight—
Alas! it first beguiles,

I saw her on her bridal morn—
No envious cloud was there:
Her modest robes were lightly worn,
More to conceal than to adorn
That form so truly fair.

I saw her next when years had passed,
But, ah, the cruel strife!
The dreams of youth were overcast,
That form had withered in the blast,—
And, yet, of such is life!

A LAMENT.

(Written by Request.)

I.

THE olden sorrow lives again,
Which Marianne felt,—
Which Tasso sung, when wild the strain
Swelled where the captive dwelt;
Down thro' the corridors of time,
Down thro' the ages that sublime
The shrines where love hath knelt,
Comes to our ears, at each remove,
The wail of unrequited love.

II.

Ah! there are tears that must be shed
In depths of solitude;

And there are woes that must be fed
With all that Heaven holds good;
And there are dreams of other days,
Dark now because of that deep maze
Thro' which the heart pursued
The phantom of a hope, that lured
To all that mortals have endured.

III.

To love at morn—to wake at noon,
And find the idol gone;
To learn the myst'ry—oh! so soon—
How hearts may be undone:
These are the woes that set their seal
On beauty's brow, and slowly steal
The roses one by one;
Till naught remains for age to blast,
Or gathering clouds to overcast.

IV.

Dreams of the days and years gone by,
Forever broken now!
In vain I weep, in vain I sigh,
And press a throbbing brow;
Ye found me thoughtless, trusting, true—
Ye fled,—and mem'ry wildly grew
To honour's broken vow;
Thus wedded to the past, and fraught
With griefs that come and slumber not.

V.

Man, not alone the lord of all,
Must be the spoiler too;
And let his wanton vengeance fall
On the defenceless few.
Nor love's reproof, nor beauty's tear,
Has power to tame his mad career,
If but ambition woo;
Till pity's voice ascends on high
To Him who hears the mourner's cry.

VI.

And thou—oh! thou, whose art has made
A wreck that must abide—
A proof of all thou hast betrayed,
And all thou hast destroyed!
A ruined life—a broken heart—
A crushed existence,—this is part
Of ruin wild and wide,
Which thou hast wrought with heartless zeal,
Inflicting wounds thou canst not heal!

VII.

Oh! is it nothing that a life
Is ruined thus by thee;
And marked for future woe and strife,
Bereft of liberty?
A day shall come, thou faithless one,
And gazing darkly back upon

The scenes of memory,
Thy heart shall smite thee in that day,
And wake the thoughts thou canst not stay.

VIII.

Still better is it that I mourn,
And yet possess thee not;
Tho' hope will cling, and love will turn
To memory's greenest spot.
Hope's last eclipse is dark—but yet
When faith and perjury have met,
And blended thought with thought,
Hell's anarchy is hither driven,
And thunders to the gate of heaven!

IX.

Be happy, if thou canst be so,
Forget the days gone by,
Life's banquet crown, all care forego,
Let laughter light the eye:
Thus live—thus bask in pleasure's rays,
Thus fill the measure of thy days,
Thus fade at last—and die;—
And then before th' Eternal Throne
Ask justice such as thou hast shown!

DREAMING.

WHEN the shades of evening gather,
And the turmoil of the day
Sinks to rest, until the morrow
Shall have driv'n the night away.

When the hours of fitful dreaming
Come again in quiet pace,
Then, with solitude surrounded,
Thus I dream, and thus I trace

Aimless words of aimless idyls,
And I think—shall life be still
Lone and loveless, dark and cheerless,
And no brighter hopes fulfil?

Round about the winds are wailing
Dirges for the dying year;
And my soul, in sadness brooding,
Sighs a requiem dull and drear.

Shadows flit and fancies wander,
Words are uttered as in sleep,
Forms, imaginary, rustle
In the shadows growing deep.

Fancy conjures up the brighter,
Purer dreams that were to be—
Lo! the fairy forms that flutter
Round about in silent glee.

Is it fancy—this creation
Of a world of holier ties,
Where the weary soul reposes
In the light of purer skies?

Ah! the fingers of affection
Cease to sweep the trembling chords;
And the dream, the song, the rapture,
End in worse than idle words!

SONG.

DEAR girl, I sing to thee,
Not in the wild and wanton words of youth,
Which breathe of passion and inconstancy
More than of love and truth.

But haply thou art loved
By others dearer, worthier than I;
And years my fate from thine have far removed,
And taught me thus to sigh.

And yet, dear girl, receive
The tribute of a heart too truly thine;
And blame me not if I myself deceive,
And dream of thee as mine.

MIZPAH.

(Written by Request.)

'TWIXT thee and me may there abide
A deep and sure fidelity,
A faith that other days have tried,
A faith that hallows me and thee.

Faith lives not in the earnest word
Soon spoken—haply soon forgot;
But faith will dare, has ever dared,
The touch of time, the sway of thought.

Faith made me thine, faith gave me thee,
Faith scatters flowers on life's dark road;
And but a few more years shall be,
Till faith shall guide us home to God.

A YOUTHFUL REMINISCENCE.

"——— Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?"
—VIRGIL.

I'VE spent my life in bootless dreams,
And burnt the "midnight oil,"
To reïllume hope's waning beams,
And brighten fortune's smile;
And what have I achieved by this?

A mystic dread—a gloominess,
That nothing can beguile,—
As dark reality that all
My projects to the ground must fall.

There was in other days a light
That shone upon my way,
And seemed to guide my feet aright—
I seemed not then astray:
Then what a tremor thrilled my heart,—
How happy was I then—how blest,—
How passed the night and day!
Ev'n disappointment seemed to be
A triumph for futurity.

How wildly then I sang the song,
Which, fondly I believed,
Would to the end of time prolong
My fame—to be achieved!
Yes—such was my impulsive thought;
For what will youth endeavour not,
In simpleness deceived?
'Tis like the boat that vainly braves
The anger of the mountain waves.

Yet were those days of hope as bright,
With their ideal joy,
As tho' renown from giddy height
Had beckoned me on high!
I cared not for the praise of man;—

For I could future ages scan,
With a prophetic eye,
And see the glory of my name
High o'er the countless hosts that came!

Then—then I sang the songs of love,
That would immortal be;
And thought how much they should approve,
Who won a song from me;—
For were not they henceforth to join
The few of glory, and to shine
In immortality;
Nor sink like common dust to nought,
Alike forgetting and forgot!

But they were heedless to my song,
Or praised it but to please—
Oh! how I pitied them who'd wrong
Such heaven-born symphonies!
They had, I thought, but little claim
To be associates of my fame;—
But yet, by slow degrees,
I pardoned them their errors done,
To taunt them when the goal was won.

Oh, that the spell did ever break!
Oh, dreams to be no more!
All—all in life would I forsake,
To dream them o'er and o'er,—

To know that innocence again,
That felt not nor imparted pain;
'Twere sweeter far to soar
Forever in ideal bliss,
Than court a frowning world like this!

BRIGHT VISIONS OF BOYHOOD.

BRIGHT visions of boyhood, and dreams long departed,
Hopes, high and auspicious, how are ye undone?
Oh! the world has its thousands who cheerfully started
To end in despair when their journey is run.
The bird of the forest, the lark of the meadow,
Depart when the tempests of winter draw near;
But man, thro' life's dubious sunshine and shadow,
Finds ruin is there, while destruction is here.

Could wild fabling youth comprehend all the folly
That fancy lets fall from her mansions on high,
There are thousands would weep at deceptions unholy,
Whose pleasure has yet been unchecked by a sigh.
But Time the avenger—the spoiler of nations—
Will teach them the secrets of sorrow and shame,—
Will turn their glad murmurs to sad lamentations,
Or blot from all record their story and name.

TO A LADY.

LADY, if e'er these eyes of mine
Shall bend their glance on thee,
Then be the silent conquest thine,
And mine captivity;
Then let the soul's thick darkness fly
Before thy glance, nor dim the sky
Where love alone should be;
Such may our meeting be, ere yet
The morning star of youth is set.

Time swiftly flies, nor can we clip
His pinions, if we would;
But yet on mutual fellowship
Ev'n time dare scarce intrude;—
Oh friend!—oh! more than friend to me,
May never age that moment see,
In life's vicissitude,
When we shall rend the links apart,
That bind us truly heart to heart.

Nor let the idle joys of life—
Where sympathy is dead—
Alone suffice when minds at strife,
And storms, the ruin spread.
No—be the sympathetic thrill,
The finer sense, the gentler will,
Ours, when all else is fled;
And tho' at morn the clouds may lour,
The sun may gild the noonday hour.

FROM THE ÆNEID, BOOK II.

INTENT they gazed, expectance silent ran,
When from his couch Æneas thus began :—
  Oh Queen! what deep, unutterable pain
Thine importunity revives again;
How shall I tell how Grecian wiles have made
Immortal Troy a region of the dead?
And how shall I those dismal scenes portray,
Which I have seen in thickest of the fray?
How dare I venture on the story, when
The Myrmidons, Dolopians, and the men,
Whom stern Ulysses ruled, weep when they tell
The dismal tale, which all but know too well?
And see, the humid night falls to the west,
And sinking stars persuade to dreamy rest.
But if thou hast so great desire to know
Our dark misfortunes and our overthrow,
And briefly hear the melancholy tale
Of Troy's last effort madly to prevail;
Tho' back I shrink in horror from each scene,
Yet, for thy sake, I shall the tale begin:
  Subdued in mind, and by the fates undone,
So many years now gliding slowly on,
The Greeks construct a horse of cedar beams—
Vast as a mountain the huge fabric seems;
And this they consecrate, with much concern,
To chaste Minerva for a safe return;—
But stealthily by lot they now decide
Who shall be hidden in the darkened void;

And the vast caverns of the fabric are
Soon filled with men and armaments of war.
  Remote, and yet in sight, lies Tenedos—
An island rich and widely fam'd it was,
While yet the kingdoms roundabout were still
Secure, and bowed to Priam's sovereign will:
Now but a dangerous harbour there is shown,
A port of refuge—all the rest is gone.
And thither having gone, their labours o'er,
The Greeks lie hidden on the barren shore;—
But we supposed them to have hoisted sail,
To seek Mysenæ with the driving gale;
And therefore in rejoicings Troy appears,
And frees itself from griefs of many years.
The gates are opened wide; it pleases all
To wander forth, whatever may befall,
And mark where late the Dorian camp had been—
There lonely plains and shore alone are seen.
Here the Dolopians oft renewed the war;
There fierce Achilles' tents lay stretched afar;
Here had the fleet been moored, and, many a day,
There stood the foe in battle's dark array.
Some of our men, to stupid wonder driven,
Look on the gift to chaste Minerva given;
While many others much admire indeed
The vast proportions of the wondrous steed;
And, first, Thymœstes thinks it not amiss
To have it placed in the Acropolis,
Or whether by design, or destiny,
As Trojan fate may will it so to be.

But Capys, and a few who now enlarge
On wiser modes, in due precaution urge
That, ever fearing Grecian subtlety,
The huge machine be cast into the sea;
And others will that fire be placed below,
And burn what else may prove our future woe;
While others wish to bore the sides, and see
If in the caverns lurks no treachery.
And now the changing mass of people throng
In broken factions, surging far along.
Far in advance of that vast multitude,
That after him tumultuous have pursued,
Laocoön, whom impetuous fears impel,
Runs from the summit of the Citadel,
Exclaiming loudly, as he hastens near:
"Oh wretched men! what madness have we here!
Think ye the enemy have sailed away?
Or think ye that the vow, they seem to pay,
Is free from subtlety and Grecian art?
Or judge ye thus Ulysses' treacherous heart?
Within this steed the Greeks have been conveyed,
Or 'gainst our walls the vile machine was made,
To lay our city open to the eye,
That they may pour upon us from on high;
Or else herein some other dangers lie.
Trojans, beware this steed so fraught with doom,
I fear the Greeks, and most when offerings come."
So saying, his huge spear, with manly pride,
He hurled against the monster's swelling side,
Curved out with timbers, that well-jointed stood.

The spear rebounded, ringing from the wood;
And from the womb, as thus the spear was thrown,
The caverns muttered forth a hollow groan.
O had the gods but willed it so to be,
And had the mind not bowed to destiny,
We then the lurking-places had laid bare,
And by our swords the foe had perished there;
And Troy would still remain, and thou would'st stand,
Proud Citadel of Priam, in the land!

FROM HORACE.

CAR. I., LIB. I.

FRIEND, sprung from royal sires with fame allied,
O both my guardian and my cherished pride,—
How some exult in chariots, and lust
In clouds to gather the Olympic dust;
And as the turning post is rounded well
By glowing wheels, the boasting heart will swell,
When the ennobling palm at length is given,
Which elevates earth's rulers up to heaven.
One man exults if the inconstant crowd
With triple honours would have him endowed;
Another, if he has laid up in store
The sweepings of the Libyan threshing floor;—
But him, who takes a pleasure and a joy
In patrimonial fields, you'll not decoy
To plough Myrtoa's sea with Cyprian boat
For all the wealth Attalus' treasures got.

The merchant, when south-western tempests howl,
And the Icarian billows darkly roll,
Extols the sweet retirement he has known
In rural walks fast by his native town;
But presently repairs his argosies,
And, hating to retrench, again combats the seas.
Then, there's the man who loves old Massic wine,
And revels all the day, or doth recline
Beneath an arbute tree in idle dream,
Or by the source of some still hallowed stream.
And many in the camp delight to be
Where trumpets, echoing in warlike glee
With clarion accents blended, give delight,
While mothers deprecate the cruel fight.
The hunter loves beneath chill skies to roam,
Forgetful of his tender wife at home,
If but a hind his faithful hounds pursue,
Or Marsian boar his meshes has broke thro'.—
But ivy—prize that learned brows approve—
Associates *me* with the gods above;
Me the cool grove, and nymphs in airy train,
And satyrs, far remove from haunts of men;
If but Euterpe's flute be heard afar,
Or Polyhymnia's Lesbian guitar;—
But let me be to lyric numbers wed,
And I will strike the stars with my exalted head!

ODE XXXVIII.

Boy, I detest that Persian state,
Those linden wreaths arouse my hate;
Desist such trifling things to prize—
Mark how the latest field-flower dies.
In vain you labour to acquire
The simple wreath of your desire;
But it becomes not you who twine,
Nor me, who drink beneath my vine.

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

WRITTEN FOR A BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

'Mid all the cares that vex us most,
And subjugate the tempest-tossed;
'Mid joys and sorrows—hopes and fears,
That fill our fast declining years;
'Mid poverty and opulence,
Elysian bliss and woe intense;—
'Mid all these scenes, let us to-night
Look back a century—the light
Of immortality will lead
Our steps, as onward we proceed,
And guide us to that mud-built shed,
Where Nature's Bard was born and bred.
No guardian angels hailed his birth,
No star beamed gladness on the earth;

But wintry tempests shook the sky,
As prologue to his destiny.
Then as a peasant lad, unknown,
We see him stealing forth alone,
To some remote and hidden place
To pore on Nature's book, and trace
To their own fount his own bright dreams,
That float around like solar beams.
But hark!—as evening shades the sky,
What sounds around and upward fly—
So sweet—so musically clear,
We well might deem a spirit near!
Oh, listen now! The soul of song
Is waked indeed—those trains belong
To him, the peasant lad, whose soul
Has broke awhile from fate's control,
To sing to Nanny such a strain
As *none* will ever hear again!
To manhood grown, behold him toil,
And vainly delve the stubborn soil,
While his high thoughts are far away
In lands where shines a brighter day—
Whose founts Castalian glide along,
And harps Æolian wake in song—
Where bright Elysium looms in sight
Above Parnassus' vocal height.

* * * * * *

Gone are the days—the Poet gone,—
And Scotland wakes to claim her son—
Wakes to remember that her arm

Had never shielded him from harm,
Nor yet dispelled the deep'ning cloud,
That wrapped his soul as in a shroud.
Vainly she rears the storied stone
To him whose mem'ry needeth none;
He built his own immortal pile,
Which time and tide can never spoil.
To Aden's wild and rugged steep,
Whose front looks frowning on the deep,—
To far Australia's island shore,
Round which contending oceans roar,—
To Afric's deserts, where the Cape
Rears high its rude fantastic shape,—
To Canada, where commerce brings
The tribute and the wealth of kings,—
To every land, where England's name
Is borne upon the breath of fame,—
O'er the wide sea, from pole to pole
Where crashing avalanches roll
Their frozen torrents to the line,
Where torrid suns eternal shine—
There we may go;—and find where'er
Love's language trembles on the air,
Some gentle heart, some noble mind,
(Which art may sway, but can not bind,)
Remembers him whose guileless strain
Brings home and childhood back again,—
Whose songs are Nature's symphonies,
Borne far o'er continents and seas,
From young America to where

Arcadian murmurs tune the air.
There fancy soars—there gratitude
Breathes orisons in solitude;
There love lights up the mantling cheek,
And harmony is heard to speak;
There hope, whose mysteries never fail,
Ascends the mount or treads the vale,
Sheds o'er the earth a silv'ry beam,
That trembles in the lucid stream;
While from the soul of sorrow flies
The selfish dreams—the meaner ties;
And mem'ry nobly, proudly turns
To bless the name of Robert Burns!

EPISTLE.

IMMORTALS I call ye, dear Daisy and Dizzie,
For deep in his musings a bard has been busy
With metaphors, similes, tropes, ad infinitum,
To make you at least brighten up with a grin at him;
While his passionate dreams swell the scope of his measures,
As he grasps for your sake all antiquity's treasures.
Oh! were ye but here to record every minute
That finds him in thought, while he sings like a linnet,
You would give him *such* busses, in honest concession,
Just like masons lay mortar on bricks by profession!
Yea, duty would bid ye think well of the bard,
Who, just for your sake, for himself has regard,

That he yet may survive to encircle your name
With a halo of glory and chaplet of fame.
He may talk of the Syndicate—write solemn sonnets,
Expatiate freely on ethics and bonnets;
He may mount to the stars, and Jove's satellites reach;
Take the moon by her horns, and retail her a speech;
But, mark! when of D. and of D. he would sing,
He then is himself—a poetical King!
He comes to be sadder, he comes to be quiet,
And has little delight in his victuals and diet,
Whenever he thinks of the absence of looks,
Which could tell him far more than he studies in books.
Oh! would ye but fly down to Utah with him,
Where the barque of existence on ripples would swim,
Unchecked by the breezes of legal restraint,
And where two such dear angels would make him a saint;
How calm would he float down the river of time
To the sunset of life o'er the waters sublime,
And mooring his barque at the Isles of the Blest,
Be wafted with you to a haven of rest!

I have grown sentimental and slightly outspoken,
Forgetful that heads, just like hearts, may be broken;
But surely—oh! surely you'll pardon the bard,
Whose heart is his wealth, and your love his reward.
"Be kind to your minstrel, the soft and kind-hearted"—
(This was writ by the Poet,* whom destiny thwarted);
Be true to your minstrel, I add with emotion,
And whether ye sink in love's tremulous ocean,
Or mount to the sun, he will follow you still,
Like a boy that slips up and goes sliding down hill!

*McGee, in his poem "Forewarned."

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

"Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres." —HOR. CAR. IV., LIB. I.

I.

A STAR has melted into light,
The Sun of Righteousness hath shed
His daybeams forth, and night has fled
Before His radiance full and bright.

The mists that hid the coming day,
The storms that rolled in tumult on,
The mystic shadows of the dawn,
Absorbed in glory, pass away;

And heaven in all its glory brings
A crown for righteous conquests past:
At last, Dread Power, we own at last,
Thou'rt Lord of lords and King of kings!

II.

Ends of the earth, in sorrow weep,
Isles of the farthest ocean, swell
A dirge, a requiem, and tell
The desolation o'er the deep.

No—not unto the Royal Isles
Shall all the load of grief be given:
No land beneath the deep blue heaven,
No land that basks in freedom's smiles,

Than ours shall swell the tide of grief
More deep, sincere, devout and true:
Upon that princely grave we strew
By faith the rose's drooping leaf.

And pray that He, who ruleth Kings,
May smooth the sorrows of our Queen,
Support her thro' life's troubled scene,
And bear her up on hope's strong wings.

* * * * * *

Earlier Poems and Songs.

HOPES OF THE YOUTHFUL BREAST.

Hopes of the youthful breast,
  Oh! whither have ye gone?
Where is the promised rest,
  To crown the labours done?
Where is the early glow
  Of love's Promethean flame?
Oh! is it—is it so,
  That love has but a name?
Tell me, ye angels of th' abyss,
If other worlds are dark as this.

Days and departed years
  Present to mem'ry's eye
Sweet smiles and bitter tears,
  Deep woe and smiling joy;
Expression's silv'ry words
  Are tuned to wailing cries,

And Fancy's lyre accords
With sorrow's smothered sighs.
Oh! shall the weary soul at last
In triumph know life's battle past?

ERIN, OH ERIN.

ERIN—oh Erin! Thou shrine of devotion,
Thou star of the nations and gem of the ocean,
How sad is thy desolate cry!
Over the deep comes the voice of thy mourning,
And darker and deeper the night is returning,
With never a star in the sky.

Erin—oh Erin! Thy chains are but forging,
Thy children, the day of captivity urging,
Shall weep o'er the graves of the past;
Yet shall thy patriots, rapt in devotion,
Rush forth to the onset, like billows of ocean,
And Murder ride forth on the blast.

Erin—oh Erin! Thou shrine of devotion,
Thou star of the nations and gem of the ocean,
How bright shall that morning appear,
When, mounting to noon-day, the sun of thy glory
Will shine as of old, ere the page of thy story
Was dimmed by the patriot's tear!

A REPROOF.

DEAR girl, from thee I have not sought
A lover's pledge, forget-me-not,
Nor given thee cause to be
A truant and a wayward friend,
Forgetful of the acts which tend
To bind thy friend to thee.

Even as a younger sister thou
Hast seemed to me—I ponder now,
And marvel at the chill,
Which slight and silence have thrown o'er
Thine injured friend, who looked for more
Than thou shalt e'er fulfil.

'Tis sad for me to think thou'st done
A wild, sad act, and slightest one,
Who was indeed thy friend;
I know the woes of such an act,
Which done, thou never can'st retract,
Nor bid the mem'ry end.

If I had sought a dearer name
Than friend—if I had asked to claim
The pledges of thy love,
I could have found, ev'n in the loss,
A sure conclusion, tho' a cross,
Nor would I dare reprove.

But thou hast cast me quite away,
To call me back some future day—
Alas the foolish thought!
No—no, it may not be—we part,
Nor in my soul, nor in my heart,
Of thee remaineth aught.

SONG.

FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

We hail the natal day of Her,
Whose banner to the breeze
Majestically floats afar
O'er continents and seas.
The Royal Isles—the Royal Isles,
Refulgent in the light
Of freedom's hopes and freedom's smiles,
Rise proudly in their might,
And hail the natal day of Her,
Whose banners to the breeze
Majestically floats afar
O'er continents and seas.

That banner floats were high the Cape,
In majesty and pride,
Exalts its rude, fantastic shape
O'er oceans wild and wide.
It floats where India's torrid suns
O'er plains expansive glow,

And where Australia's tribute runs
From hidden mines below.
They hail the natal day of Her,
Whose banner to the breeze
Majestically floats afar
O'er continents and seas.

And in the Western World afar
Canadian hearts adore
That grand old banner, and the star
That rules the waters o'er.
Fired with the thought that o'er the earth
No people love more true,
We proudly hold that banner forth,
The Red, the White, the Blue;
And hail the natal day of Her,
Whose banner to the breeze
Majestically floats afar
O'er continents and seas!

HER DARKLY BEAMING EYES.

"Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on those of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well."
—BYRON.

HER darkly beaming eyes of light,
So softly, eloquently bright,
So liquid and so full of beams
That float around like summer dreams—

Oh! I have seen those eyes before,
And felt the magic of their power,
Else my poor heart would now be free
From this soul-maddening ecstacy!

The sun at noonday throws his beams
O'er moorlands, forests, hills and streams,
And flower and blade droop languid down,
And smiling meads are parched and brown;
But when the moon, with silv'ry light,
Sheds languor o'er the face of night,
Each leaf responsive springs to woo
The floating beam and falling dew.

Thus those dark eyes, so calmly full
Of love's deep language and of soul,
Renew the wild, impulsive flame,
Which more impassioned eyes o'ercame.
A thrill comes o'er me—in my heart
I feel the flame—I feel the dart;
And like a coward in the field,
I cry aloud—I yield! I yield!

OFT HAD I DREAMT OF SUCH AS THEE.

Oft had I dreamt of such as thee;
And now, when half my life is gone,
That dream becomes reality,
Ev'n as the day succeeds the dawn.

How had I loved thee in the past,
  Had we but met when life was borne
Thro' shades of death on ruin's blast,
  Without a promise of the morn!

But well it is that now we meet,
  When all the storm has thundered by;
And words may flow in cadence sweet,
  And conscience trust may light the eye.

Oh! warmly thus I greet thee now
  In calmer hours with purer zeal,
And see upon thy fair young brow
  A sympathy that deigns to feel!

THOU'RT NOTHING UNTO ME.

THOU'RT nothing unto me, my love,
  Thou'rt nothing unto me;
I have not proved, nor sought to prove,
  This love I bear to thee.
And yet, oh! yet, I cannot dream
  Without thine image near;
E'en waking morn's effulgent beam
  Awakes a passion here.

Thro' day and night I've thought of thee—
  I can not yet forego
The rupture of the memory
  Of what was mine to know.

Yet I must hide this glowing flame
And say I love thee not;
Nor must I breathe thy sacred name,
Nor tell my earnest thought.

Thou'rt nothing unto me, my love,
Thou'rt nothing unto me;
And, yet, how gladly would I prove
This love I bear to thee!
But whatsoever be my fate,
And wheresoe'er my sphere,
A heart bowed down and desolate
Shall hold thy memory dear.

HALLOWE'EN.

SEVEN years full of change have passed o'er us,
My friend, since that Hallowe'en night,
When we spread out the three cakes before us,
Like mystics conversing with light.
The meal, soot, and salt we commingled,
And this compound we baked on the hearth!
And our ears in expectancy tingled
For a voice that was not of this earth.

We were tempted to speak, but we did not,—
We knew that the spell had begun;
And the zeal of our bosoms we hid not,
Despite all the banter and fun.

We knew that the spirits were near us,
Who would fold back the curtains of gloom,
And hov'ring around, would prepare us
To look on the days yet to come.

Then off to our couches we hurried,
Our heels going first all the way;
Till with jeers of derision all flurried,
We almost broke down just to say,
That the one who would laugh with derision
At rites so profound and august,
Deserved not a Hallowe'en vision,
That like Pistol, * tells things that are just.

How we dreamt of the future, and wandered
With spirits of every degree;
On the brink of existence we pondered,
And gazed o'er eternity's sea.
We picked up a good deal of knowledge,
That night as we studied at ease
In Dreamland's excelsior college,
Where the prophets had ta'en their degrees.

And you have been married and settled
According to dreams that you saw;
While your friend in the garret feels nettled,
To think that *his* dreams had a flaw.
But to-night, with some bride's cake for pillow,
I will dream of some Hellen o' Greece;
While you may go planting the willow,
And mourn that your visions must cease.

* Second Part of King Henry IV., Act. V., Scene III.

18294

THE EMBLEM.

'Tis but a leaf—a faded leaf,
Plucked—withered in an hour;
Yet pure as virtue's silent grief,
Or scent of summer flower,

Its perfume breathes upon me now
A sweetness in decay:
Life from the dead, death after woe,
Seems nature's destined way.

Ah! little thought the witching maid,
Who plucked this leaf for me,
That, seeing thus the leaflet fade,
I should my emblem see.

It tells me of my own sad fate
In life's first opening spring,
When, like a leaf, I fell, to sate
Dishonour's hungering.

It tells me more—it tells me life
Once blighted so remains;
And future days are days of strife,
Debarring future gains.

Tho' virtue and endurance may
A perfume breathe around,
The heart in silence dies away
At mirth's awakening sound.

If like the leaf, in death my name
A sweetness might exhale,
Death were not death, but to reclaim
Life's essence, and prevail.

PROMETHEUS.

THOU fabled former of mankind,
Why on Caucasus' summits placed,
In adamantine chains confined,
To be the ravening vulture's feast?
Because from clay inanimate
Man thou didst form, contemning fate,
To be a creature of thy might;
Then scaled Olympus' towering height,
And stole from heaven the living fire
That animated all his frame,
Giving to him each fond desire,
A sense of virtue and of shame;
But giving most that stubborn will,
That yields not, and will not be still.
For this did Jove in thunders rage,
(And nought can god-like wrath assuage,)
And doomed thee ignominiously
To suffer death, yet not to die,—
Bound to the rock ingloriously,
The vulture's living prey to be,
And looked on by a threatening sky;
Till Hercules beheld the sight,

And hurled the thunderbolt apace,
Which slew thee on that fatal place—
Caucasus' gloomy, towering height.
Prometheus! what a doom was thine!
Curs'd by inexorable fate--
In chains of bondage to repine,
Till sun and stars should cease to shine,
Thy pain, even then, not to abate!
Such was thy doom—thy mis'ry such,
None but a god could bear so much!
Such was thine agony severe;
Yet didst thou not implore or sigh,
Or call on death that thou might'st die,
Nor drop one sad, repentant tear,
But conquered death triumphantly!

Immortal type of various man,
Formed after thine unyielding plan!
Whose various mind still leads him on,
Till he aspire to be the lord
Of universe and air,—
A thing for shame to light upon,
For wrath to sentence, at a word,
To sad and lost despair.
Such is the fury of his mind,
Which goading chains can never bind:
He must the power of Heaven possess,
Or be the shade of nothingness!

1873.

OH! WHERE IS THE SPIRIT?

OH! where is the spirit that does not inherit
Some type of the love, of the beauty of yore,—
Some semblance, some treasure of joy or of pleasure,
To waken the senses to slumber no more?
Tho' the harp of the minstrel be tuneless—forsaken,
Tho' the chords throb no more at the touch of the bard;
Yet the mute silent songs of his soul shall awaken,
And thrill thro' his bosom like those he has heard.

Oh! think not his bosom with pleasure shall blossom
When round him the friends of his youth are reclined;
But, oh! when left lonely, then only—then only
The song may be formed, and the wreath may be twined.
And tho' in seclusion his harp be forsaken,
And tho' not a chord breathe the soul of the bard;
Yet the mute silent songs of his soul shall awaken,
And thrill thro' his bosom like those he has heard.

RETROSPECTION.

BACK thro' the corridors of time,
Back to the regions of the past,
Mem'ry, on fancy's wings sublime,
Ushers afar to the darkling vast,—
To the bourn
Whence none return,
To the bliss that is now o'ercast.

Bright are the scenes which to mem'ry rise,
Clothed in the hue of a brighter day;
Stars they are that have sunk in skies,
Bathed in the hue of a solar ray;
That shone awhile
With placid smile,
Then passed in purpulean hues away.

Sweet, methinks, for the one who loved,
In the days that are now no more,
Those who were faithful, pure, and proved,
True as the wave to the beaten shore;
Sweet for him
To view the dim
Shades of the past, and bliss of yore.

'Tis a joy that can never fade;
Pure in the breast its mem'ry lies,
Like a flower in the rural shade,
Catching the hues of the changing skies;
Pure and bright
Thro' day and night,
Bathed in the myriad rainbow dyes.

* * * * * *

Years roll on with unheeded flight,
Bearing us on to the sable shore;
Darkly we think of the coming night,
Dropping its curtains of gloom before;
Sad and drear,
We list and hear
The slumberous Lethe's sullen roar.

Soon will these changing scenes be past,
Soon—so soon !—will they cease to hold
Hopes and fancies, now fading fast,
Wearily growing wan and cold,—
Soon will our day
Be past away;
Gone like a tale that is idly told !

1873.

THE VALE OF REST.

I HAVE sought the happy valley,
Thro' whose bright celestial mountains,
Voices warble musically,
Like the murmuring of fountains ;
In a mystic land it lies,
Vocal made with symphonies.

Whensoe'er I stand and ponder
Where to turn to find the valley;
Hope, ecstatic, loves to wander
Thro' dark windings mystically,
Deeming what is and has been
Darker than the vale unseen.

Tho' I seem to near the portals
Opening to the enchanted valley ;
Yet it seems no place for mortals,
Stretching far majestically !
Gushing founts and gurgling rills
Murmur out among the hills,

Ah! this toiling and essaying
All is but a weak delusion;
And tho' fancy, wildly straying,
Spurn the bondage of seclusion;
Yet the chains she broke in twain
Shall encompass her again!

1873.

WE ARE FREE.

WHEN Night, upon her sable car,
Has wheeled her comets thro' the sky;
And one by one each fading star
Melts in the stainless canopy;
Then from the orient of light
The sunbeams burst o'er land and sea,
Dispersing fast the clouds of night,
And seem to whisper—We are free!

In every vale and grove around
The joyous birds their matins sing;
And from the meadows comes the sound
Of larks exulting on the wing.
Oh joyous birds! There are no pains
Discordant in your minstrelsy,
While ye are warbling out those strains,
That speak so sweetly—We are free!

Adown the mountain's craggy steep,
And o'er the moorlands far away,
The rivulets bright waters leap,
And sparkle in the morning ray.

Laving the banks where flow'rets blow,
And humming bees fly ceaselessly,
The waters onward—onward flow
In joyous murmurs—We are free !

SONG.

SHE is so coy, and yet so shy,
So delicate and unoffending,
I feel her art has touched my heart,
A thrill thro' all my bosom sending,--
A feeling mild, yet sweetly wild,
Enjoyed in some celestial vision;—
I now confess, and own it less,
My olden selfish superstition.

She is not fair as some who glare
Before the lover's ravished glances;
But then her eye so quick and shy,
Throws the adorer into trances;
And then her sense, without pretence,
Is so acute and so discerning,
That now I feel her influence steal
Upon my soul in raptures burning.

Oh ! let her form no longer charm,
Or I am her devoted lover !
Another glance—and then the trance,
Another smile—and all is over !

The die is cast, the vision past,
Reality my soul engaging—
O burning love! O powers above!
What flames are in my bosom raging!
1873.

AND CAN IT BE.

AND can it be—oh! can it be
That thou art ever lost to me!
Thou—whom I loved with such a love
As few may feel, and none may prove;
Whose smile hath taught my heart to glow,
Whose frown was pain and living woe—
Thus to deceive me—can it be
That I must tear my soul from thee!

There are as fair and young as thou,
Who may perchance believe my vow;
But tho' they far exceeded thee,
Yet thou hast my sincerity.
And tho' forgetfulness may hide
Those visionary dreams of pride;
Nor joy, nor pain, nor hope, nor fear,
Shall mar the dark impression here.

Oft have I fancied 'twould impart
Some peace to tell thee all my heart;
But then this pride that rests with me
Disdains to stoop to even thee.

Not that I feared that thou wouldst chide,—
It was not this that nerved my pride;
But then to stoop and humbly plead—
Heavens! that were pain, were woe indeed!

No! let the venal soul implore—
Enough for me that I adore;
Enough for me that I can feel,
Without that crouching, grovelling zeal.
Go—and when thou hast others tried,
Know, that my heart, despite its pride,
Was more thine own than ere shall be
The maddest heart that beats for thee!

SONG.

I ONCE was as free as the breeze o'er the mountain,
And light and rebound as the spray of the fountain,
Till love unrelenting, despite all my scorning,
Threw round me his fetters one ill-fated morning;
Ah! tightly and surely,
He bound me securely
In fetters unyielding one ill-fated morning.

I long was inured to be wild and unheeding,
As swift as the lightning in thought onward speeding;
But swearing to one what I yet could and would be,
That one now is thinking I'm not what I should be;
Ah! truely I feel it—
Her glances reveal it,
Alas! she is thinking I'm not what I should be.

Time was when I thought that this wearisome passion
Was only a thing of occasion and fashion;
But pain and experience now are conclusive,
That love is as real as love is delusive;
Alas! I have slowly
Found out in my folly,
That love is as real as love is delusive!

IN MEMORY.

I.

THOU art gone to the home of thy spirit
Beyond the cold stars of the even,
Where the good shall forever inherit
A rest and a mansion in heaven,—
A home far beyond the dark river,
In a world not of sorrow like this,
Forever—forever—forever,
To bask in the noontide of bliss.

II.

Thou art gone where the good and the holy
No longer lament and deplore,—
Where sorrow, deception, and folly,
Shall never intrude any more,—
Where the sun, in irradiance beaming,
In his heavenly course never trod;
For those regions, so dazzling and gleaming,
Are lit by the glory of God!

III.

Thou art gone from thine earthly connections
To join brighter hosts in the skies,
Where evil, and sad retrospections,
Unrest, disappointment, and sighs,
And care, and distress, and confusion,
And sorrow, and mis'ry, and pain,
And woe, and despair, and delusion,
Shall never torment thee again.
1874.

NEW YEAR GREETING.

1874.

I GIVE thee no glittering token
Of friendship's or pleasure's young dream:
The pledge which I give is unbroken—
A bard's true and pregnant esteem.
Accept this imperfected measure,
A tribute unfeigned and sincere:
May I have the ineffable pleasure
To wish thee a happy New Year.

Thou art yet in the springtide of being,
Thy hopes are auspicious and high;
But fast, as the moments are fleeing,
Thy pleasures may wither and die;—
But, oh! may thy life be unblighted,
Undimmed by a sorrow or tear:
May the joys, which so oft have delighted,
Delight thee each coming New Year.

I have seen in the bright vault of heaven
The star of the eventide blaze;
And thro' each consecutive even,
Unchanged are its tremulous rays.
Like the star of the eventide shining,
May thou through existence appear;
And when the old year is declining
May thou welcome a happy New Year.

I have seen in the covert, unwaving,
The streamlet thro' bright mazes glide;
And tho' round it the tempest was raving,
It would not—it changed not its tide.
Like the stream, may thy peace be unfleeting
When dark disappointments appear:
Be thine the true pleasure of greeting
Yet many a happy New Year.

TO THE SAME; 1875.

'Tis a year since last I hailed thee with a tributary song,
And since then on life's dark river farther we've been borne along,—
Farther down the rushing torrent, nearer to the sable shore,
Where existence' bark must anchor, to return again no more.

Years may pass and swell to ages, while their memories remain,

Youth may fade, and love may falter, ere we two shall
meet again;
And perhaps this farewell greeting is forever—God knows
best,
For mysterious forebodings thrill prophetic thro' my
breast.

Now the tie of union severs, now the hopes of youth are
crossed,
Care and distance separate me far from all I cherished
most,—
Far from those I met when pleasure and enjoyment led
me on;—
Now, behold, my star declineth, and the beacon-light is
gone.

Fare thee well! and may the summer of thy life upon
thee burst,
Never to decline in shadows;—as for me, I've known the
worst.
And as year on year melts slowly into vast eternity,
Oh! remember him whose passion, love, and hope, are all
with thee!

A FRAGMENT.

WHILE dreary winter whitens o'er the field,
The mind, in emulation of the blast,
Exultant soars o'er subjugating ills,
Which in a more auspicious season frown
With quiet vengeance. Yes, these snow-clad scenes,

And turgid storms, and desolate ravines,
Give that delight unwonted as the blaze
Of wingèd lightning to those sunless skies.
Far as the eye can see, immerged in white,
The landscape looms before me, and on high,
Suspended in the towering, spiral tops
Of giant trees, the icicle—fair gem—
Hangs dangling in mid-air. Above—below,
One scene unvaried stretches far away;
Now calmly sleeping, and now swept by storms
As furious as the wintry ocean's swell.
But tho' the deep-mouthed torrent of the heavens
Howls thro' the trees and o'er the trackless plain;
Yet is there pleasure in this wintry waste,
A real joy, and counterpart of bliss.

REFLECTIONS.

"Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met."
—*Byron.*

THE twilight dews are falling fast,
Night sleeps upon the earth—
Oh summer night, thou fliest fast,
And yet the stars are forth!

How often have I paused to trace
The distant meteor's flight
Down thro' those silent realms of space
On such a dreamy night.

How often, at this lonely hour,
Has fleet-wing'd fancy flown
To many a bright, elysian bower,
Where silence reigns alone.

* * * * * *

The night so calm—so hushed—so still,
Brings languor o'er the soul,
And sympathizes with the will,
And soothes with soft control.

I would not be as I have been,
Nor feel as I have felt;
Nor would I see as I have seen,
Nor dwell as I have dwelt.

* * * * * *

Once more those melancholy dreams—
Dim shadowy forms of thought—
Float round me, and existence seems
With lurid myst'ry fraught.

A mystery yet unrevealed
To dull mortality—
Transfused, ennobled, crushed, concealed—
A weird philosophy.

SONG.

WERE I that beggar in the street,
Beheld with scorn's antipathy,
My life were doubly far too sweet,
Had I but thee—had I but thee;

Or did the tide of grandeur pour
Around me all its luxury,
What were my opulence and store,
If wanting thee—if wanting thee?

Were I yon monarch, proudly known
Of boundless sway and high degree,
My sovereign crown, my sceptred throne,
I'd give to thee—I'd give to thee;
And, oh! if in the world alone
Thy path a path of sorrow be,
Tho' all forsake thee, and are gone,
I'll be with thee—I'll be with thee.

TO AN INDIVIDUAL.

"Go—go, 'tis vain to curse."
—*Moore.*

Oh, false, false *woman!* if that name
Thou dare assume thro' all this shame,—
False to thyself as false to me,
As thou in sorrow yet wilt see—
Where are the trophies—where the gain
For quitting me in such disdain?

I loved thee truly, fondly, well—
Far dearer than my song can tell;
Yet innocence I deemed was thine,
And truth and honour all were mine;—
But what is this?—Oh! heaven that thou
Should'st ever be so curs'd as now!

Abjured by friends, by whom thou wast
In fondness cherished—all now lost;
Thy name a synonym for shame,
And guilt of most ignoble fame;
Thyself a by-word and a jest
For virtue lost and shame possessed!

Most exquisite debasement this!
And can'st thou brook the general hiss
Undaunted, and, with brazen face,
Confront the friends of early days,
Sequacious of the joys of youth,
Where honour is, and all is truth?

May Heaven forbid! that womankind
Be not pronounced of such a mind;
Nor all her virtue be compared
With that false fruit—which fiends have shared—*
Inviting hung, but is no more
Than bitter ashes gilded o'er.

1874.

HOW PECULIAR IS THE FEELING.

How peculiar is the feeling
When the flame of love is stealing
Thro' the bosom, and unsealing
All the cells of passion there!
Moved with uncontrolled commotion,
As the tidal swell of ocean,

* *Vide* "Paradise Lost," Book X.

Swells the bosom with emotion
'Twixt expectance and despair
Oh the longing expectation
For the long-sought consolation
Of that dearest dissipation—
Woman's love from woman's heart
What does man pronounce diviner
Than in passion to enshrine her
In his bosom? What benigner,
Truer pleasure can impart!

VALENTINE.

On this day of all others, so dear to the fates,
'Tis duty as much as 'tis custom dictates
This tribute in mem'ry of days that are passed,
Were they brightened with joy, or with shadows o'ercast;
Were the past all a shadow,
Dark-looming and drear;
Or a bright El Dorado,
Unchanging and clear,
I will not contemplate—enough that this lay
Thou art worthy, and more, on St. Valentine's Day.

Yet there *were* in the past, when abashed we first met,
Bright visions of bliss, which I can not forget,
Which recur to remembrance, as dreams of the night
Beaming, bright, and elysian, and crowned with delight.

For this—and this only—
Remembrance awakes,
And in darkness most lonely
A brightness partakes,—
For this does the muse in devotion display
Her truest delight on St. Valentine's Day.

I might give other tokens of permanent zeal,
But none could more fully affection reveal
Than the thoughts which proceed from the bosom, and bear
Conviction and truth in the language of prayer.
Oh! blest be the mission
Thy life may perform,
Unhurt by transition
From sunshine to storm;
And wherever thy feet in life's pilgrimage stray,
Be thy days one unchanging St. Valentine's Day.

SONG.

Days depart in rapid flight,
Oh the sad mutation!
Stealing every fond delight,
Oh the desolation!
Nought remains of all I cherished
In the days that now are gone;
Hope has withered, love has perished,
And I feel I am alone.

Days of hope and happiness
Soon—too soon—have left me!
Days of darkness and distress
Have of peace bereft me.
Not a joy remains to brighten
Relics of the past o'erthrown;
Not a prospect gleams to lighten
Days that tell I am alone.

Oh! there's nothing now remains,
Only lamentation
Over omnipresent pains,
Leaving desolation.
Days departed, days long cherished,
Soon, alas! too soon are gone;
Hope and love and all have perished—
Perished,—and I am alone!

SONG.

THOU art the blossom on the tree,
Emitting perfume on the air;
And giving sweets to every bee,
That comes to taste the nectar there.

Thou art the gem of polished blaze,
That with irradiance dims the sight,
Emitting sparkles devious ways,
Alike all pure and purely bright.

Thou art the sun, and I that flower
  Which turns to meet the rising day;
And, at the evening's silent hour,
  Turns where the daybeams fade away.

And thou art that mysterious power,—
  My hope the needle pointing on,
While day grows dim and shadows low'r,
  To thee, my love! to thee alone.

HOW PURE ARE THE HOPES.

How pure are the hopes which affection discloses,
  Ere folly and passion are mingled as one,
When the form that we love on our bosom reposes,
  And mem'ry delights in the course we have run!
But all is delusion: the hopes we have cherished
Soon fall, like the autumn leaves, withered and perished;
And the pride of our heart, and the blossoms that flourished,
  Soon fade from before us, and leave us alone.

Ah! the cold eve of sorrow, the dark night of mourning,
  Like the winds of the desert, came hurriedly on;
And the shades of the past, in the darkness returning,
  Shriek forth on the blast ere the daybeams are gone.
Then we know that the world is a scene of distresses,
Where friendship, the syren, but venally blesses,
And where love's fond, endearing, and happy caresses
  Are lost,—and alas! we are truly alone.

MY LOVE, TO-NIGHT WHEN ALL WERE GAY.

My love, to-night when all were gay,
And dancing lent its cheerful mirth,
I could not feel, I could not say,
That I could summon lightness forth;
For thou wert not among the throng
To whom my sadness was unknown;
A brooding silence chained my tongue,
And I was silent, sad, alone.

Oh! joyless, sad, and heartless all
Those young amusements seemed to me,
Who can not one bright scene recall,
Save happy hours enjoyed with thee,—
Who can not feel the maddening play
Of pleasure's tide when thou art gone;
But thro' the scenes of night and day
Am joyless, silent, sad, alone.

MONTHS TWENTY-FOUR TO-DAY HAVE PASSED.

Months twenty-four to-day have passed
Since first I saw your face;
And backward now a glance I cast
To that first trysting place.
Alas—alas! fond memory
Still clings to what has been,
And decks in sad sublimity
Each well-remembered scene!

Life has not been a scene of bliss
To me thro' days gone by,
Nor has the light of happiness
Beamed from my darkened eye;
There once were pleasures realized,
That mantled o'er the brow;
There once were hopes I dearly prized,
Oh think—where are they now!

Our fleeting days have passed away,
Yet numbered in their flight;
And now again comes round the day
When first you blest my sight.
Eliza, since those days are gone,
So dark in their decline,
Oh! is your heart as sad, and lone,
And desolate as mine?

Oct. 4th. 1875.

A THOUGHT.

It never yet has been my fate
To know that love a blessing proves;
For she I love returns me hate,
And she I love not dearly loves.
And 'tis the same with other things:
That which we may acquire we slight;
While that to which our fondness clings,
Is moved beyond our wistful sight.

LINES.

" My curse upon thy venomed stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang ! "
—*Burns.*

I MARVEL not that babies squall,
Distorting mouth and face withal,
When cutting teeth, that vilest trade
For which the human jaws were made !
Tho' I am not a baby now,
Yet this I solemnly avow,
That I could squall with as good will,
As tho' I were a baby still ;
For coming now to man's estate,
I must have sense commensurate
With all the evils that betray,
Or lead the pious feet astray ;
And then to grind those ills beneath,
Forsooth, I must have wisdom teeth.
Last night as gloomy shades descended,
And night its dreary journey wended,
Nor rest, nor sweet oblivion came
To dissipate the gnawing flame
Which revelled in my burning gums,
That beat with pain like muffled drums.
Oh wisdom ! dearly bought like this,
I value not thy mournful bliss ;
Nor do I envy Solomon,
If with me in comparison
He'd wisdom teeth as much as wisdom—
For, oh ye gods ! what then was *his* doom !

VALEDICTORY.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger—yet farewell!"

Byron.

DEAR girls!—for such ye truly are
By every tie that waxes dear,
By every feeling of the breast,
By every wish that hopes the best,
By every hope indulgent Heaven
To intermediate man has given!
Dear are ye at this hour indeed,
Since time has winged his rapid speed
So fast, that now—ev'n now—to you
I must forever bid adieu.
When I recount the few brief days
That shed their soul-inspiring rays
Of sunlight on my weary road,
While I with you delighted trode
The path of life, I feel like one
Foredoomed to journey on alone
To lands unfriendly and unknown.
Forgive my wayward heart, nor deem
My soul so wanting of esteem,
As not to feel, as not to know,
A throb of pain, a touch of woe,
When on departure's verge I stand,
And take at least the farewell hand;—
Like him who, near the bed of death,
Hears—ay! he hears—the quick'ning breath;

And bends to catch the last good-bye,
Ere death has fixed the sightless eye.
Oh! let not my monitions seem
A zealot's or fanatic's dream;
But be my words as come from one,
Who has thro' many a folly run,
And with the Roman* must accord
That virtue is her own reward.
Still guard the priceless gems of youth,
Those talismans of love and truth;
Let not the Janus treachery
O'ermaster virgin modesty;—
For these are dark and gloomy days,
When all with eyes lascivious gaze,—
When all are striving to forego
What God has destined man to know.
Farewell!—and never may the tooth
Of poisoned envy poison youth,
Nor folly blight, nor crime destroy,
Nor sorrow dim the laughing eye;
And tho' we never more may meet,
Hope lays her trophies at my feet,
While knowing that this passioned lay
Has driv'n all meaner thoughts away,
And made ye give devoted heed
To him who is your friend indeed;—
For 'tis not to display my art,
And meanly to allure the heart—
No, no—but that ye may be pure,

*Cicero.

And live, as ye have lived, secure.
Beware the syren-fiend, desire,
Beware the wolf in sheep's attire,
Beware of folly seeming sweet,
And, oh! beware of man's deceit!
These maxims practised, ye may dare
A banning world's malignant stare,
And hurl its insults, weak and vain,
Back in its brazen face again.

THE THUNDER STORM.

SOFT cooling gales now fan the burning brow,
And blow the blossoms of the quivering trees
Down to the green subjacent ground, and now
Waft them like tiny snowflakes in the breeze,
I list and hear the winds, rude harmonies,
And pattering rain come falling from the cloud,
That overhangs the dark concavous skies
Enveloped in this ever changing shroud,
That glooms above like some dark pageant grim and proud

And overhead the vivid lightning darts,
Cleaving the æther in its rapid flight;
Quick from the west horizon's verge it starts—
Now to the east it flies—and out of sight;
And now the thunder, in its mad delight,
Rolls thro' the clouds, and, furious with rebound,
Leaps madly backward thro' the darkling height,
And rumbles through the deep and dark profound,
While thro' heav'n's corridors the deep-mouthed echoes
sound.

MY HEART WAS ONCE THAT BUSY BEE.

My heart was once that busy bee
That flits among the flowers,
The flowers were woman's witchery
That gladdened all my hours;
But as the summer flowers depart
Ere summer days are past,
So has the love of woman's heart
Untimely flown at last.

My hope was once the morning ray
That gilds yon orient sky;
But, ah! perchance, ere half the day,
The storm may burst on high!
So did my hopes of life and love
Light up my fondest dreams;
So ended they, as storms above
Obscure the morning beams.

HAST THOU THAT SLY MESMERIC ART?

Hast thou that sly mesmeric art,
Which, whether we would love or not,
Must win the unsuspicious heart,
Permitting but one only thought?
At least thou hast a magic spell;
And whether I am near or far,
Against its witchery to rebel
Would be but vain and idle war.

Yet void of magic—who could gaze
  Upon thy symmetry of form—
Thine alabaster brow—thy face—
  Thine eyes with beams of passion warm—
Thy polished limbs more graceful formed
  Than painter's brush could ever prove,—
Who could behold, and not be warmed
  With all the maddening tide of love!

Where'er thou art ordained to be,
  Doubt not that thou shalt be adored,
Who's proof against thy witchery
  Must be a Timon's greater lord.
Not all the hues that deck the spring,
  Nor summer's pomp and pageantry,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, can bring
  Such glory as I catch from thee!

EPISTLE.

TO CARRIE.

DEAR Carrie, your little request I received,
  And thought to have proved a gallant before this;
But so little indeed of account I've achieved,
  That in truth, my dear girl, I am growing remiss.

I read your request with much feeling and joy,
  Said I—"Since dear Carrie has asked me to write,
By the harp of Apollo, I'll not close an eye
  Till I've finished a ditty for Carrie to-night!"

So I snatched up a pen, laid my book on the shelf,
And began—"By the altar of Hymen, I'm thine!"
When a splatter of ink, like the devil himself,
Blotted out every word of that soul-piercing line!

Astounded I gazed— what mysterious sprite
Had nipped in the bud that most eloquent song?
Yet I felt, while my acts might be lawful and right,
That my words might be haply unlawful and wrong.

Thus having decided, I flung down the pen,
And cursed love and passion by everything good;
And prayed, that if e'er I wrote lovesongs again,
I might swing by the neck, as all perjurers should!

But weeks having passed to the shadows of night
Since trying my skill as an amateur bard,
Again I am seated and ready to write,
Despite adverse fortune, the poet's reward.

But what shall I say?—'Twas my candid intent
To have sent you Young Love on St. Valentine's Day;
But disease having banned me, the elf was not sent
In a missive, but wandered alone on his way.

If that night you remember, the door of your heart
Got three little taps from the herald of flame—
You awoke with affright, and were ready to start,
When the coy little wanderer murmured your name.

Did you kiss him with love-kisses, potent with charms?
Did you tell him he long had been looked for in vain?
Did you fold him within the embrace of your arms,
And tell him he ne'er should go wandering again?

He has not returned to his desolate lord;
And if you refused him the shelter he craved,
Did you give him a look of affection, or word,
And commend him to others, who haply have saved?

But if you have cherished the sprite of my heart,
Despite his fantastic manœuvres and play,
As a price for his keeping I'll give him in part,
And *myself* for the rest, some St. Valentine's Day!

WHAT HAS MY LOVE AVAILED ME?

WHAT has my love availed me?
What boots my anxious care?
When fortune e'er has failed me,
Who did my sorrow share?
Alas! thro' all my sorrow,
Thro' every dark remove,
I did my solace borrow
From friendship, and not love.

Yet to the love of woman—
Oh that delusive love!—
I can not be a foeman,
I dare not e'en reprove;
For while her eye is on me,
I can not disavow,
That, since it has undone me,
It doubly charms me now.

When I was young, and stupid
To love's beguiling art,
I thought the darts of Cupid
Could never reach my heart.
Ah! lightly then, oh woman!
I laughed at lovers' pain—
Would that I now could summon
Such courage back again!

And yet the pain of lovers'
Both tortures and delights;
Hope or despair still hovers
Upon life's giddy heights.
'Tis this that so enhances
The lovers' raptured bliss;
Once wedded, we've no chances
To run,—and cease to kiss!

PARADISE LOST; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

"GIVE me another glass," I cried,
"Give me another glass of brandy;
And I can boast a monarch's pride,
Or simper down into the dandy!"

Thus said I, and, in saying, sipped
The nectar that was offered to me;
It seemed the wings of time were clipped,
And something heavenly darted thro' me!

And yet I took another glass,
  And yet another and another,
Until I saw my sorrows pass
  Away, and in oblivion smother.

Oh, lands of poesy and song!
  Oh, isles Apollo brightens over!
These seemed in fancy's train to throng
  Before me, and their sweets discover.

I oft had heard of Fairyland,
  And of Elysium and its peris—
Of vales Arcadian, and the grand
  Beyond that's reached by Charon's ferries—

Of these and more I oft had heard—
  But these are fancy's wild creation;
My scenes were real scenes, averred
  By no old Greek's imagination.

Here was a real Venus, and
  Here was I her belov'd Adonis—
(Not like the old one, who'd withstand
  The sweetest charms that e'er have won us.)

Urania, give me down thy lyre!
  Jove, bow thy head! and thou, Apollo,
Waft round me now! I feel the fire
  Promethean, that mankind did hallow!

Swell high the chorus! ring, ye spheres,
  While heaven and earth and all o'erlooking—
Say! where am I? Am I upstairs?
  Confound the stuff! how I am puking!

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
—HAMLET.

I.

THOU midnight moon, and thou, serenest heaven,
Night, and thy troops of silent shining stars,
Ye fleecy clouds, by nightly breezes driven,
And thou, my soul, inured to hidden wars—
All-hail! nor let these weird emotions cease,
Which only when tumultuous breathe of peace.

II.

Deep midnight, and the silence that pervades
The universe, mysteriously affright,
As if ten thousand pale and thronging shades
Were rushing onward thro' the waste of night
On clouds contiguous, and full of woe
To the inhabitants of earth below.

III.

And yet, all-hail! deep heaven, and thou, deep Thought!
Curtains Plutonian, fold me in your gloom,
That I may read the mysteries enwrought
Amid those stars, that luridly illume
The waste immeasurable and profound,
Deep without depth, and boundless without bound!

IV.

Here is a silence—and the night is still—
That speaks in mystic language unrevealed;
There is a silence that will speak until
Creation's final judgment is fulfilled:
We hear it not—we feel it, when on high
Night sweeps with ebon banners thro' the sky.

V.

This is the myst'ry of the wasteful deep,
The dark revealing of a hidden thought;
Worlds may consume, and time's proud billows sleep,
Immensity may vanish into nought;
Yet will that voice forever be the same,
When the empyrean melts in fervent flame.

VI.

Oh, streams for other than Lethean roll
To the broad ocean of eternity—
Streams silent-flowing; and that voice—that soul
Speaks from the tides that rush on ceaselessly
In mute commotion, till the hue of light
Forever and forever sinks in night.
1876.

ANACREONTIC.

"I filled to thee—to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill."
—*Moore.*

THRO' all the many sorrows
Which life bequeaths to me,
My life a solace borrows
In drinking oft to thee;
Whatever be my station,
Of high or low degree,
A poet's true libation
I'll offer still to thee.

The goblet overflowing
Is typical of me:
The more with wine 'tis glowing,
The truer will it be.
Not special are its pleasures,
But loving—lasting—free,—
The more esteemed as treasures,
Because I drink to thee.

With thee, and mantling glasses
Of wine encircling me,
How loving our caresses—
How passionate—how free!
Then in an exultation
Of love and ecstasy,
I pour a bard's libation
To thee, my love, to thee!

TO A LADY.

"My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now."

—*Hood.*

CHLORIS, again my bosom burns,
Again I seem to meet thine eyes;
And all that was again returns,
And all that is before me flies.

For this small leaf to me reveals
What once I dared not hope to know;
And o'er my heart a feeling steals,
Tho' sad, yet not akin to woe.

Ah! thou wert then, tho' young, so true,
The sunlight of each early scene;
And yet, till now, I never knew
How true an angel thou hadst been.

Years since have passed, as still they pass,
Perchance unheeded in their flight;
And soon what is will be what was,
And all that was be wrapped in night;—

Yet fond remembrance holds thee dear—
A gem that mem'ry can not lose;
Tho' sullied often by a tear,
That tear once gone, the hue renews.

If sometimes a bewildering beam
Of pleasure drove thee from my thought;
Forgive me for that wayward dream,
And blame me not—oh! blame me not.

For mine has been a chequered road,
Which hope has not, or seldom, blest;
And mine has been a weary load—
The pressing burden of unrest.

Yet, heaven was not unkind to me—
I still had strength to bear me on
Thro' sorrow, care, and misery,
And often baffled, not undone.

Yes, verily, my life has known
What thousands more have mourned to know:
Hopes crushed—affections overthrown,
And, oh! my hopes were not too low.

But be it so—for 'twas but right
That clouds the daystar should o'ercast,
Since I perchance forgot thee quite,
Who, loved the first, art cherished last.

Oh Chloris! when I read the sheet,
Whereon thy thoughts so purely shone
In words pathetically sweet,
And true affection, all thine own;

Then did my dormant soul awake
To what I never saw before;
And for the past, and for thy sake,
My eyes with burning tears ran o'er.

And sacred were those tears to me;
Would that they might forever flow,
As sweet memorials of thee,
Ere joy subsided into woe—

Oh ! then it were a bliss to weep
O'er innocence and youth's bright morn ;
And bring all back, as oft in sleep
The shadows of the past return.

But who may bide the dark decrees—
The wiles of fate—we strive to shun ?
For on our heads the destinies
Pour out their vials—and 'tis done'

Sacred Melodies.

BABYLON.

Rev. xviii. Chap. 1.

Now the days of lamentation
  Darken o'er a trembling world:
Babylon the Great is fallen,
  From her seven mountains hurled;—
For all nations have partaken
  In her blasphemies so great,
Waxing rich in great abundance—
  Now behold her desolate.

Hark the mighty angel speaketh,
  While the warning trumpet blows:—
Oh! come out of her, my people,
  That ye share not in her woes;
For her sins have reached to heaven,
  God hath heard the martyr's prayer—
Cups of wrath and indignation
  Doubly fill in turn to her!

As all glorious she hath flourished
In licentious revelries,
In proportion swell her torments,
Sorrows, and her miseries;
For she saith—"I am no widow,
Sorrow's tears are not for me;
For I sit in queenly grandeur,
And in regal dignity."

And for this shall plague and mourning,
Death and famine on her seize,
Burning her with fiery torments;
For the God of heaven decrees.
And the kings that loved her, weeping,
Shall lament—"Alas! the doom!
Babylon the Great is fallen!
In an hour hath judgment come!"

And the merchants shall bewail her,
Who her merchandise have bought—
"Oh! that great and mighty City
In an hour hath come to naught!"
And the shipmen shall bewail her,
Standing horror-struck afar,
When they see her torments, crying—
"Where the city like to her!"

Highest heaven, and ye, apostles,
And, ye martyrs, shout for joy—
God hath poured His flaming vengeance
On the wicked to destroy;

For in her, so great and glorious,
Hath been found the righteous blood
Of apostles, saints, and martyrs,
Now appealing unto God!

PARAPHRASE.

Song of Solomon, iii. chap.

By night I have sought whom my bosom adores,
I have sought, but he hears not the one who implores;
I have roamed thro' the city—its streets and its ways—
But have found not the lov'd one that brightened my days.

I said to the watchmen, who heard me complain,
"O saw ye the one I have looked for in vain?"
It was but a little by them I had passed,
When I found the belov'd of my bosom at last.

I held him—how fondly!—and lured him to come
To the chamber that gleamed with a welcome of home.
Oh, daughters of Salem, by all ye hold dear,
Disturb not the slumber of him that is here!

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

Eccles. xii. chap.

(*Masonic.*)

Remember thy Creator now
In youth, ere evil days draw nigh,
And years of age have come, when thou
Shalt say—"In them I have no joy";

Ere yet the days appear wherein
The sun and moon and stars shall wane
And sink in night, and clouds begin
To darken heaven's expanse again.

Then shall the strong a weakness brook,
The keepers shake, the grinders cease;
And those, that from the windows look,
Grow darker as the days increase;—
And in the streets the doors shall close,
As sounds of grinding wax to nought;
The bird shall break the still repose,
And Music's daughters be forgot.

Fears also then shall overcome,
And strew the path to snare the feet;
For man goes down to his long home,
And mourners go about the street.
Then breaks the bowl, and pitcher—then
The wheel divides, the cord unties;
The dust returns to dust again,
And to its God the spirit flies.

HOW RICH, OH LORD! HOW RICH.

2 Cor. viii. 9.

How rich, oh! Lord, how rich!
Yet Thou did'st stoop to tread
The ways of men, and had'st not where
To lay Thy sacred head

And that I might be rich,
Thou didst not scruple then
To be reviled and spat upon,
Yet answeredst not again.

The wormwood and the gall,
Yea, Calvary's solitude,
Tamed not that mighty love of Thine,
Sealed with Thy precious blood.

Oh! well may angels shout,
And men Thy praises sing;
Thou now art rich, and worthy thus
To be extolled as King!

PRAYER.

LORD, in the old and reverend way
I strive to worship Thee;
Nor care I what the world may say
In harsh reproof of me.

With show of rhetoric and skill
I shall not mock Thine ear;
But oh! the voice so small, so still,
Thou canst and Thou wilt hear.

And when in solitude my heart
Pours forth the fervent prayer,
Thy mercy show, Thy grace impart,
And let me not despair.

With quiet virtue, on life's way,
Endue my troubled soul;
Renew my zeal from day to day,
And let my joy be full.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

How calmly does our daily prayer
Ascend for those, who haply share
More righteousness than we,—
Whose bosoms, with less show of zeal,
A deeper, holier impulse feel,
In their humility!

Clothed in our own self-righteousness,
We look around us, and express
Our grief for other men:
Lord, teach us our own faults to see,
Our depths of inhumanity,
That move us yet again.

Teach us that words of loud acclaim,
That take by storm Thy sacred name,
Are but too often void;
Oh! teach us that the fruits of grace
Are meekness, gentleness, and peace,
Unsoiled by human pride!

HYMN FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ALL-MIGHTY Father, unto Thee,
Our Helper, Guide, and Friend,
We come in deep humility,
And at Thy house attend.

We are the children of Thy choice,
Tho' few our numbers be;
Yet we have dared to raise our voice
In praise and thanks to Thee.

Oh! teach us how to act aright,
That truth may yet prevail,
Whether we run upon the height,
Or lowly tread the vale.

Be Thou the Ruler of our ways;
And sure may we abide
In that which hallowed ancient days,
And which we, too, have tried.

So may Thy mercy still attend
Unto our latest breath;
And faith and hope assurance lend,
And cheer the dust of death.

FROM JOB.

IN thoughts from visions of the silent night,
When slumber closes man's unhappy sight,
Fear came upon me—all my courage fled,
And awful trembling shook my bones with dread.

Then passed a Spirit by—the shade I saw—
Form it had none—begirt it was with awe:
It stood before me, like a tower of flame,
And in the gloom I heard a voice exclaim:

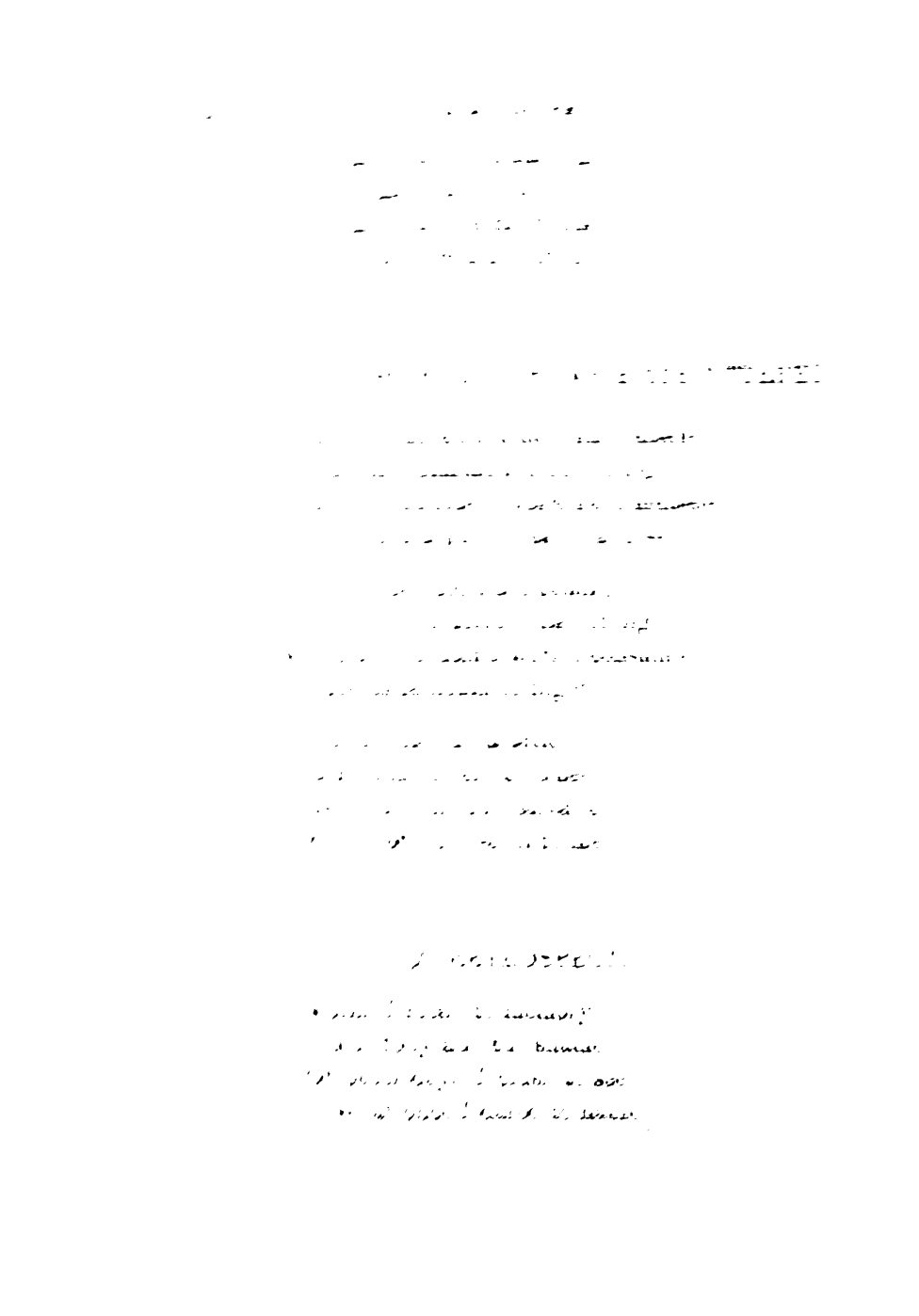
Shall man be juster than his God—shall he
Be purer than his Maker, and more free?
Behold in servants places He no trust,
And even His angels are denounced unjust.
Then how much weaker they who dwell in clay,
Who build on sand, whom worms shall eat away!
At morn—at night they die, and are forgot,
Unknown to wisdom, turn again to nought.

HYMN FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Oh, Saviour of the world, who sent
Thy messenger before,
To preach repentance to a world
Polluted o'er and o'er——

So may thy ministers be sent,
So may they publish forth
The tidings of good-will to men,
And gladness on the earth.

That when, in dreadful majesty,
Thou comest yet again
To judgment, all the nations may
Shout the triumphant strain:—



How many golden hours went by,
Unvalued as they passed;
While dissipation's cup waved high,
And brought me low at last!

That was a dark and awful hour,
When in defiance wild,
I scoffed the great Creator's power,
And, when he blessed, reviled.

Ev'n now the thought awakes a dread,
Lest God remembers still
The way I chose, the life I led,
When bowed to Satan's will.

Oh God! if Thy rewards shall be
For truth and righteousness,
I perish by a just decree,
And that without redress!

For in me there is nothing good,
Except Thy saving grace,
Which tells me that a Saviour's blood
Flowed for a fallen race.

EASTER SUNDAY.

DAY of rapture—day of wonders—
Day that prophets longed to see,—
Heralded by rocking thunders,
Lightnings—earthquakes—victory!

For the power of God descending
With the angel to the tomb,
Broke the seal, a radiance sending
Thro' the narrow house of gloom.

And the once rejected Jesus
Rose triumphant from the dead;
While upon Elysian breezes,
Far the wondrous story spread.
Oh, the infinite compassion!
Oh, the love on us bestowed!
Songs, that tell of our salvation,
Tell our gratitude to God!

WHEN THAT DARK DAY WHICH YET WILL COME.

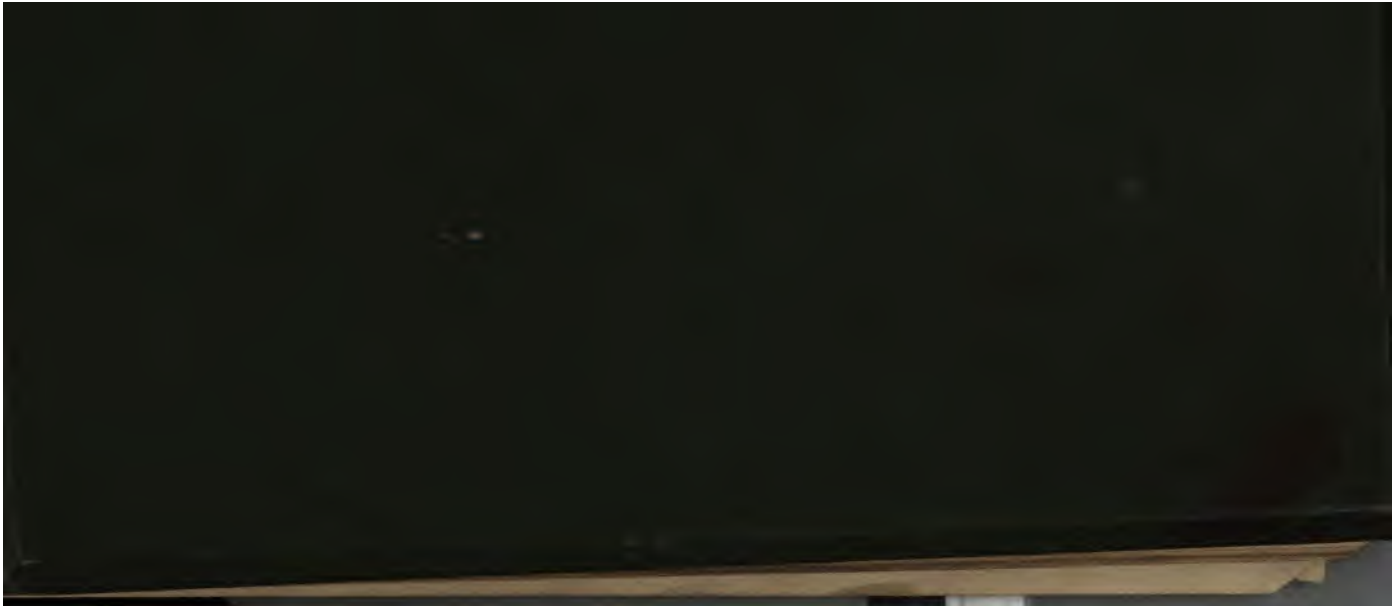
WHEN that dark day, which yet will come,
Wraps me in shades of deep despair;
Oh God! forsake not thou the gloom,
When only Thou canst cheer me there.

I feel the solemn stillness now,
And dread the silence yet to come—
Oh! could I fly—or would that Thou
Might'st yet reverse the coming doom!

Perhaps this deep calamity
Is an exaction for my sin;
For I have wandered wild and free,
Urged by a raging hell within!

Yet—yet avert that deeper night
Shall wrap me in a deeper shade,
Lest I forget that Heaven has light
Which fades not now, and can not fade.

What I have lost—what I shall lose,
Be it according to Thy will;
Altho' Thy chastisement pursues
With heavy strokes that torture still.

And if that darker day must come,
And plunge my soul in deep despair;
Oh God! forsake not Thou the gloom.
When only Thou canst cheer me there!

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